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A GREAT ROMAN CATHOLIC WEDDING: THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S MARRIAGE WITH THE HONOURABLE GWENDOLEN MAXWELL, FEBRUARY 15.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT EVERINGHAM.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I wonder whether the medical profession is conscious of all it owes to Mrs. Earle. Among her delightful comments on doctors in the *National Review* I come across this: "With regard to doctors, I have lately noticed that there seems almost a panic lest the improved health of the community may seriously affect this valuable profession, which for fifty years or more has held the public spellbound." Reading that without the slightest warning, a nervous practitioner might get a shock. He has a young family; how are the boys to be educated, and the girls to be portioned, as Mrs. Craigie says every girl ought to be, if the community refuses to fall ill? But let him run his eye down the page, and he will be comforted. Most people have excellent appetites. There's the guarantee for little Jack's school bills and pretty Ethel's dowry. "It never crosses their minds for a moment that what they eat, though it does not give them indigestion, may seriously be affecting their blood and their future health." Do you flatter yourself that because you eat so little you need not help to pay for Jack's education or Ethel's trousseau? Ah! fond delusion. "In the same way ascetics, when eating very little and feeling well at the moment, little suspect that they may be preparing their bodies for future disease." If I were a practitioner I should have these extracts printed in large letters, and hung on the wall of my waiting-room for patients to study before they come stammering their symptoms in my ear. The ascetic, and the man with a hearty appetite, unless I err grossly, would become my patients for life!

True, Mrs. Earle has a system which ought to supplant medicine for small ailments. Refrain from meat, fowl, fish, tea, coffee, cocoa, alcohol, pulses, asparagus, and some other vegetables; then you ought to be perfectly well until you have a serious illness, when you had better send for the doctor. This is the philosophy, as far as I can make it out. Any vegetarian may meet a bacillus, and unwittingly give him board and lodging. When that happens the doctor must be called in. The trouble is that when he finds you have been living on nuts and fruit he will probably say that your diet lowers the system to such a degree as to make you a standing invitation to the bacillus to walk in and take possession. When he has ejected the intruder, the doctor may declare that you want feeding up, and order beefsteaks. If you tell him that beefsteaks are contrary to your principles of health, and that you cannot tolerate even the average invalid's chicken, he may retort: "My dear Sir, or Madam, you sent for me to save you from a dangerous fever; but now you are mending you will not permit me to hasten your convalescence with a rational diet. My skill is indispensable in the gravest emergency, but of no value when the crisis is over. Now you propose to rely on your own superior knowledge. Permit me to wash my hands of the case. Good morning." I suspect that the patient, thus admonished, would implore the doctor to remain, and order anything he pleased.

I am sorry Mrs. Earle should give countenance to the old fallacy of distrusting doctors because they disagree. Why should they agree any more than other experts? Are the physicians of the soul in harmony? Do theologians dwell together in unity? Is there any school of art and literature which does not decry some other school? Journalists do not agree: they have the most diverse methods of engrossing the public. A solemn writer in *Blackwood's*, who dislikes the journalist, says of him: "He is more deeply interested in the mere accidents of life than in public affairs, and a sensational murder is more to his mind than a change of Government, for the excellent reason that it attracts a larger number of readers." The philosopher in *Blackwood's* is quite superior to this attraction, and had he lived at the time when Thurtell murdered Mr. Weare, he would have been scandalised by the sensation which that crime excited in the most refined and intellectual circles. He would have condemned De Quincey for his essay on "Murder as a Fine Art," and for the appalling narrative of the murders committed by John Williams. Lucrezia Borgia is said to have been maligned; but in the character of an artistic poisoner she has never lost her charm. The Marquise de Brinvilliers is still the theme of learned psychologists. To every student of human nature sensational crime has a permanent value, whereas any change of Government is soon forgotten.

How painful this is to the gentleman in *Blackwood's* appears in some other observations. "The journalist has usurped something of the romance which once hung furtively about the curate; enthusiastic ladies work slippers for him; schools are established for his education; and it seems as though he would become the spoiled darling of modern times." Perhaps it is because the "Note Book" does not revel in crimes that no embroidered slippers are sent to me!—I know a

journalist whose interest in murderers, executions, and corpses is as great as George Selwyn's. There is a story of Selwyn that he called one day to inquire about the state of a dying peer. "If Mr. Selwyn should call again," said the peer to his servants, "show him up; for if I am alive I shall be glad to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me." My friend the journalist is almost worthy of that anecdote. I found him once in a company of professors; and he kept them all breathless with tales of Mrs. Manning's last moments. He has a private museum of criminal relics, but not a solitary pair of embroidered slippers from any fair enthusiast. The furtive romance of the curate has passed him by. Nor has it come my way. Neither of us is a spoiled darling. We are as neglected as the gentleman in *Blackwood's*. Let us mingle our tears!

Some time ago Mr. Pinero bewailed the evil influence of dinner on the drama, and suggested that the play should begin at seven, leaving the playgoer leisure for a comfortable meal about ten fifteen. The General Purposes Committee of the County Council must have been pondering this. They have decided to recommend "the compulsory closing not later than eleven p.m. of licensed houses within the administrative county of London." If this drastic scheme were adopted, the theatres would have to take Mr. Pinero's hint, or the playgoer would go supperless home. At present the restaurants close at twelve-thirty on week nights, except Saturday, when they close at twelve. In a village these hours might be thought indecorous; in a great city they are barely adapted to the convenience of the public. But apparently the G.P.C. are either desirous of reforming the drama on Mr. Pinero's plan, or resolved to send us to bed with village decorum. Perhaps they think supper unwholesome, and would have us go home to almonds and raisins on the sideboard. A cheerful idea for Mrs. Earle; but how will it strike the lawgivers at Westminster, without whose consent the County Council cannot pass this ordinance?

I notice that the restaurant-keepers are calm. This revolution, if it could be carried, would play havoc with their business; but they have a smiling confidence in the *ancien régime*, which you may translate as the "good old regimen." Is it likely that the Londoners who live in flats, and dispense with plain cooks, are going to let the G.P.C. dictate to them the hours of their public meals? It is said that even in great mansions the services of the *chef* are not as highly prized as they were of yore, and that unless he can secure a berth in a fashionable restaurant, his incomparable cookery may go a-begging. Perhaps he will be employed by the enterprising caterer who proposes to supplant the coffee-stall with a commodious "shelter," wherein you may sup at an hour when every County Councillor is wrapt in dreams of a Millennium without public-houses. But the idea of abolishing supper at the Carlton, or the Savoy, or the Criterion, unless you will eat it at the absurd hour of ten o'clock! Let not your discreet heart think it.

"The theatre in France," said Mr. Arthur Bouchier at the dinner of the Old Playgoers' Club, "is part of the national life; with us it is an amusement second to hunting, shooting, cricket, football, and bicycling." He might have added that for many playgoers it offers an agreeable way of passing the time between dinner and supper. The choice of a theatre to spend the evening may be determined by considerations which have nothing to do with the entertainment. An amusing instance was given to Mr. Bouchier by Bret Harte; and as I have received a printed copy of Mr. Bouchier's speech, I will borrow the story. "Bret Harte was invited to a theatre party, and was taken to a theatre whereat a dismal failure was eking out those dreadful days and nights which prelude the production of its successor. They all suffered. They went back to supper, and their hostess said, 'I daresay you are all wondering why I took you to so dull a play. Can you guess?' Someone suggested that the lady admired the manager's acting? No, she couldn't bear him on the stage or off! Another suggestion was that their host was financially interested in the management. 'Not while I can help it!' said the hostess. They gave it up. 'Well,' she said, 'my husband is very particular about his horses, and that theatre is one where carriages can be quickly called up!'"

This reminds me of a puzzling line in Wills's "Faust." Near the end of the play, Mephistopheles remarks impatiently: "My horses wait in the chill morning air"—as if the excellent creatures were catching cold while Faust delayed the fall of the curtain. Why should diabolical steeds be any more sensitive to chill than to heat? I commend this question to Bret Harte's host. It will help him, when he gives a theatre-party, to endow his own horses with a literary and dramatic interest. It may even serve to justify that association between the Drama and the Turf, which is one of the oldest traditions in a country where sport is more instinctive than art.

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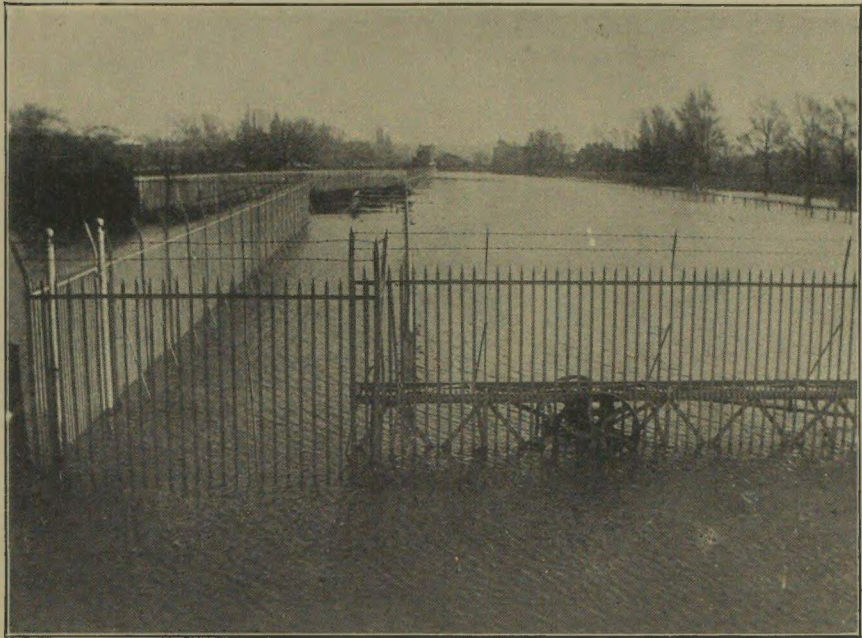
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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

As we briefly chronicled last week, the marriage of Prince Alexander of Teck with Princess Alice of Albany was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with a ceremonial little short of that which would have attended a State wedding. We are this week enabled to give from the brush of our Special Artist at Windsor the scene just after the conclusion of the service on Feb. 10, when the bride and bridegroom were leaving the altar. Close to the bride stood their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra; and among the distinguished guests were



A RACECOURSE UNDER WATER: HURST PARK DURING THE RECENT THAMES FLOODS.

During the past week the Thames has risen to an unprecedented level, and at one point was practically five miles wide.

the Queen of Württemberg, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the brother of the bride. King Edward gave his niece away. The bridesmaids made a picturesque group. They were Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, Princess Mary of Wales, Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and Princess Mary of Teck. The Archbishop of Canterbury conducted the service, and the music was directed by Sir Walter Parratt. The honeymoon was spent at Bocket Hall, Hatfield.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S WEDDING.

The wedding of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, with the Hon. Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell, Lord Herries' elder daughter, was celebrated on Feb. 15, at Everingham, in Yorkshire. Two ancient Roman Catholic families were thus united by the Bishop of Middlesbrough, and the nuptials were blessed by Pope Pius X. As the bride and bridegroom left the chapel the organist played the "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin." Lady Herries afterwards held a reception, and later in the day the Duke and Duchess left for Garrowby. Among the hundreds of presents received was a large silver-gilt inkstand from King Edward, on which was engraved an inscription in facsimile of his Majesty's handwriting.



Photo. Russell.

MR. J. BAMFORD SLACK,
NEW M.P. FOR MID-HERTS.

London Liberal Association, a temperance advocate, an official of the Wesleyan Methodist body, and an active participator in the work of the West End Mission. His wife, formerly Miss Maude Mary Bretherton, is a familiar figure at meetings devoted to the cause of Liberalism, temperance, and women's suffrage. The new member is in his forty-seventh year.

OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN THE FAR EAST.

We have made elaborate arrangements for acquiring a complete pictorial record of the interesting events in the Far East. Our veteran War Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, left for Japan early in January, and, judging from his latest letters, he must have arrived at Tokyo a few days before the outbreak of hostilities, so that there can be no doubt that he is now on the actual scene of operations, and that in due course we may expect his first budget of sketches. Mr. Melton Prior's vivid portrayals of warfare need no introduction to our subscribers. For the last generation his name has been a household word in connection with every great war, and the present campaign is the twenty-seventh in which he has represented *The Illustrated London News*. His first war service was in West Africa in 1873, then he saw the

Carlist and Herzegovinian insurrections, the Servian and Russo-Turkish wars (in the latter of which he was wounded), the Kaffir, Basuto, Zulu, and Boer wars, and the earlier Egyptian campaigns. He was present at the bombardment of Alexandria, at El Teb, and Tel-el-Kebir. Afghanistan and China were among his fields of operation; he was shut up in Ladysmith throughout the siege, and not long ago he returned from Somaliland. Mr. Melton Prior will be attached to the Japanese forces. On the Russian side we are to be represented by another veteran of our staff, Mr. Frederic Villiers, whose first service for this Journal was in the Servian Campaign of 1876. He next saw the Russo-Turkish War and the campaigns in Afghanistan, Egypt, the Soudan, the Servo-Bulgarian conflict, the Burmese Expedition, the Chino-Japanese War, the re-conquest of the Soudan, and the South African War. Both Mr. Melton Prior and Mr. Frederic Villiers, who form the chief links in a chain of correspondents second to none in the world, possess those qualifications for their profession which were thus summed up by Irving Montagu: "An iron constitution, a laconic, incisive style, be it with pen or pencil, and sufficient tact to establish a safe and rapid connecting link between the forefront of battle and headquarters in Fleet Street or elsewhere."

BRITISH NEUTRALITY.

Lord Lansdowne has stigmatised as a "mischievous fabrication" the statement that the Japanese were allowed to use Wei-hai-Wei as a base for their attack on the Russian war-ships at Port Arthur. It is amazing that a sober journal like the *Temps* should have accepted this tale and made the following comment: "The general opinion in diplomatic circles is that the British action in allowing the Japanese this facility is an improper proceeding, and shows a complete forgetfulness on the part of Great Britain of her obligations as a neutral Power." "Diplomatic circles" are nowhere so stupid as the *Temps* imagines. It is quite possible that there were Japanese war-ships at Wei-hai-Wei when hostilities broke out. But it is not the obligation of a neutral Power to order out of its harbours ships of any Power that may become a belligerent. Neutrality begins, as any well-informed person could tell the *Temps*, only when hostilities begin. The negotiations between Russia and Japan, which had such an untoward ending, began last August. Is it pretended that no Japanese ships ought to have been admitted to Wei-hai-Wei for the last six months? When the war began there was a Russian gun-boat at Shanghai. Does Japan call this a breach of neutrality by China? If a paper like the *Temps* cannot keep itself out of such childish absurdity, what is to be expected from journalists who habitually write without thinking?

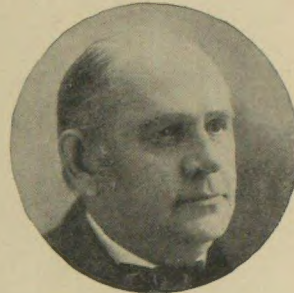
THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE FORCES.

The widely disseminated rumour that Lord Grenfell would be created Inspector-General of the Forces has been disproved by the appointment of the Duke of Connaught to that position. This decision was finally come to at a prolonged sitting of the Army Council on Feb. 15, and has been approved by the King. Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, who was also mentioned, and who had undoubted qualifications for the work, has retired from the War Office; but, at the special request of the Prime Minister, has consented to place his services at the disposal of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Field-Marshal the Duke of Connaught has held a number of important military commands and offices, and is now Commander of the Forces in Ireland and of the Third Army Corps. He saw active service in Canada during the Fenian Raids, and in Egypt in 1882.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has added to his numberless activities with yet another publication, the *Rapid Review*, which aims at giving a comprehensive survey of the month's periodicals, with copious extracts and reproductions of illustrations. It goes further, and tells what is best in new books, new plays, new pictures, new speeches, and new music. There are also portraits and character sketches of

men and women of the moment. The selection of cartoons is one of the most interesting features of a periodical admirably calculated to win popularity in an age that demands universal knowledge, and has not time to acquire it at first hand.

THE CAPE ELECTIONS. The General Election in Cape Colony has given the Progressives a majority of five. Sir Gordon Sprigg lost his seat, and Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer were among the rejected; so there was no lack of dramatic incident. As the Progressives were hampered by divisions in their party, their majority is not unsatisfactory. They polled a great many more votes than the Bond party, and the election shows that the Cape is badly in need of a redistribution of seats. There will be no repetition of Sir Gordon Sprigg's experiment in governing with the help of the Bond. Mr. Merriman may get a seat by the courtesy of a political friend who is willing to make a vacancy in his favour. Even then it is possible that the electors may not desire the honour of being represented by Mr. Merriman, whose disappearance from political life would not be an unmixed evil.



THE LATE SENATOR HANNA,
AMERICAN POLITICIAN.

THE LATE SENATOR HANNA.

Senator Hanna, who died on Feb. 15, was one of the most powerful political forces in America. He had led the Republicans in the two Presidential elections which resulted in Mr. McKinley's being returned, and as Chairman of the National Republican Committee, he wielded an influence which was almost omnipotent in the Republican cause. After Mr. McKinley's death, through the assassin's blow, Senator Hanna transferred to his successor, President Roosevelt, much of the support which he had accorded in the past to Garfield and McKinley. During the past year gossip was busy with Mr. Hanna's name as a possible candidate for the Presidency, but he denied again and again the probability of his entering the arena. He had been content to be "the power behind the White House" so long that his own personal ambitions were in another direction. Sixty-six years of age, Senator Hanna retained till within the last few weeks a remarkable vigour. He had risen to great wealth by foresight and ability. In his youth he served in a grocery store. To President Roosevelt and his confères he was "Uncle Mark," always alert and eager. In the coal and iron interest he was very powerful, and in Cleveland's development he had played an important part. He had been a Senator for his native State of Ohio since 1897.

THE CONGO ADMINISTRATION.

The Belgian Government must be disagreeably surprised to find the report of Consul Casement on the Congo administration reinforced by Lord Cromer, who describes in a letter to Lord Lansdowne his own observations in the territory under Belgian rule. The contrast to the adjacent territory under British rule was striking.



Photo. Fame Studios.

THE DISASTROUS FLOODS AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

The rains which began on January 16 brought tremendous floods. Streams overflowed, dams burst, and about sixty people were drowned.

There the native villages are numerous and populous, and the appearance of a white man inspires no fear. In the Congo State there was scarcely a village to be seen for many miles. To the natives the white man was a thing of horror. Mr. Casement gives a painfully concise explanation of this dread. Armed men are employed to terrorise the people by death or mutilation. For every cartridge that is used "a right hand" must be produced as value in exchange. Mr. Casement was informed that in six months there had been in one district an expenditure of six thousand cartridges, "which means that six thousand people were killed or mutilated." This is the work of the traders to whom the Belgians delegate their authority, and for whose abominations they are morally responsible.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.
(SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

The readers of *The Illustrated London News* were presented last week with some diagrammatic illustrations of the means employed by the Japanese in their now famous attack upon the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, the first engagement of the long-predicted war. My purpose here is to supplement the illustrations and the information given already by some reflections upon the strategy and tactics of the two combatants. With this object in view, it is necessary to go back a little and consider for a moment the situation as it presented itself on Friday, the 5th of this month, when Japan intimated to Russia that she was prepared to take action.

On that day the Russian front might be defined by a straight line drawn between the two sea-fortresses of Port Arthur and Vladivostok. Such a line would cut through the Yalu, which forms the boundary between Manchuria and Korea, somewhere near the mouth of that river. And here, between Antung and Wi-ju, Russia was believed to be assembling a large military force. At Vladivostok she had in addition to the military garrison four cruisers still free to put to sea in spite of the ice. And at Port Arthur lay her principal fleet of seven battle-ships, and their complement in cruisers, gun-boats, and torpedo craft.

So much was known, and that Japan had mobilised her navy and army, and that in all probability she had ships and men in readiness to move. The naval force on either side was relatively equal. What Japan lacked in numbers she made up for in concentration of strength and in certain valuable characteristics of her fleet, such as homogeneity. Manifestly the naval factor dominated the situation. The Russians might, it was true, advance

however, the *Variag* and *Koriets* fell an easy prey to their adversaries, and similarly, about midnight on Monday, the Japanese torpedo-boats were able to attack a practically unprepared enemy. There are no new lessons to be learnt from these operations, which, so far as the Russians are concerned, have been characterised by ineptitude, unreadiness, and careless disregard of all ordinary precautions—faults which have been still more recently exemplified in the destruction of the torpedo-transport *Yenesei*, blown up by one of their own mines off Dalny.

The result of the action and the engagement on the following day broke Russia's sea-power in the Far East, and gave to the Japanese the practical command of those waters. There will still be spasmodic action on the part of the Russian vessels which are seaworthy, but this can have no vital effect upon the progress of the war. Japan is now free to land her forces at any point on the Manchurian coast outside the range of the guns at Port Arthur.

The military movements which may even now be taking place are sure to be persevered with as promptly and vigorously as were those of the navy. Probably they will have a similar dramatic character, and in any case must be most interesting. The immediate object in view must be to isolate Port Arthur, to cut the railway line, seizing, if possible, the rolling stock, and to turn the flank of the Russian troops on the Yalu.

PARLIAMENT.

The debate on Mr. Morley's amendment consisted mainly of a prolonged and vehement effort on the part of the Opposition to convict the Government of a Protectionist policy. To this it was answered that

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CAPTAIN DIEPPE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Ingenious yet thin, with crisp, witty dialogue characteristic of the historian of Ruritania, but with a rather tiresomely explained plot, the issue of which is plainly foreseen from the start, Messrs. Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhodes' light comedy, or, rather, melodramatic farce, "*Captain Dieppe*," which first appeared as a novel in this Journal, has too small an element of dramatic surprise. Its puzzled hero may, in persuading his host's wife to abandon resentment against her husband, suffer pangs of stifled love and be astonished at the lady's amiability; but the playgoer could tell him that he is addressing the wrong Countess, and that she is revelling in what is, for her, a delightful atmosphere of mystery. So, too, with the many other complications of the authors' romantic intrigue, their final result is never doubtful. It is wrong, doubtless, to mislead a theatrical audience; it is unwise to give the game away too early. Still, there is plenty of fun, though transparent fun, in this artificial tangle of a play; and with Mr. H. B. Irving looking, as Dieppe, the picture of comic bewilderment, Miss Miriam Clements charmingly sincere in the real wife's rôle, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh allowed to be more spontaneous than usual as a charming coquette, one may spend a very enjoyable evening at the Duke of York's.

"THE LOVE BIRDS," AT THE SAVOY.

Musical comedy at the Savoy is a strange but perhaps inevitable development, and "*The Love Birds*," libretto written by Mr. George Grossmith junior, music composed by Mr. Raymond Roze, is a pleasing enough entertainment in this style. Its outstanding feature is its superbly handsome costumes, but the score is tuneful, the river-

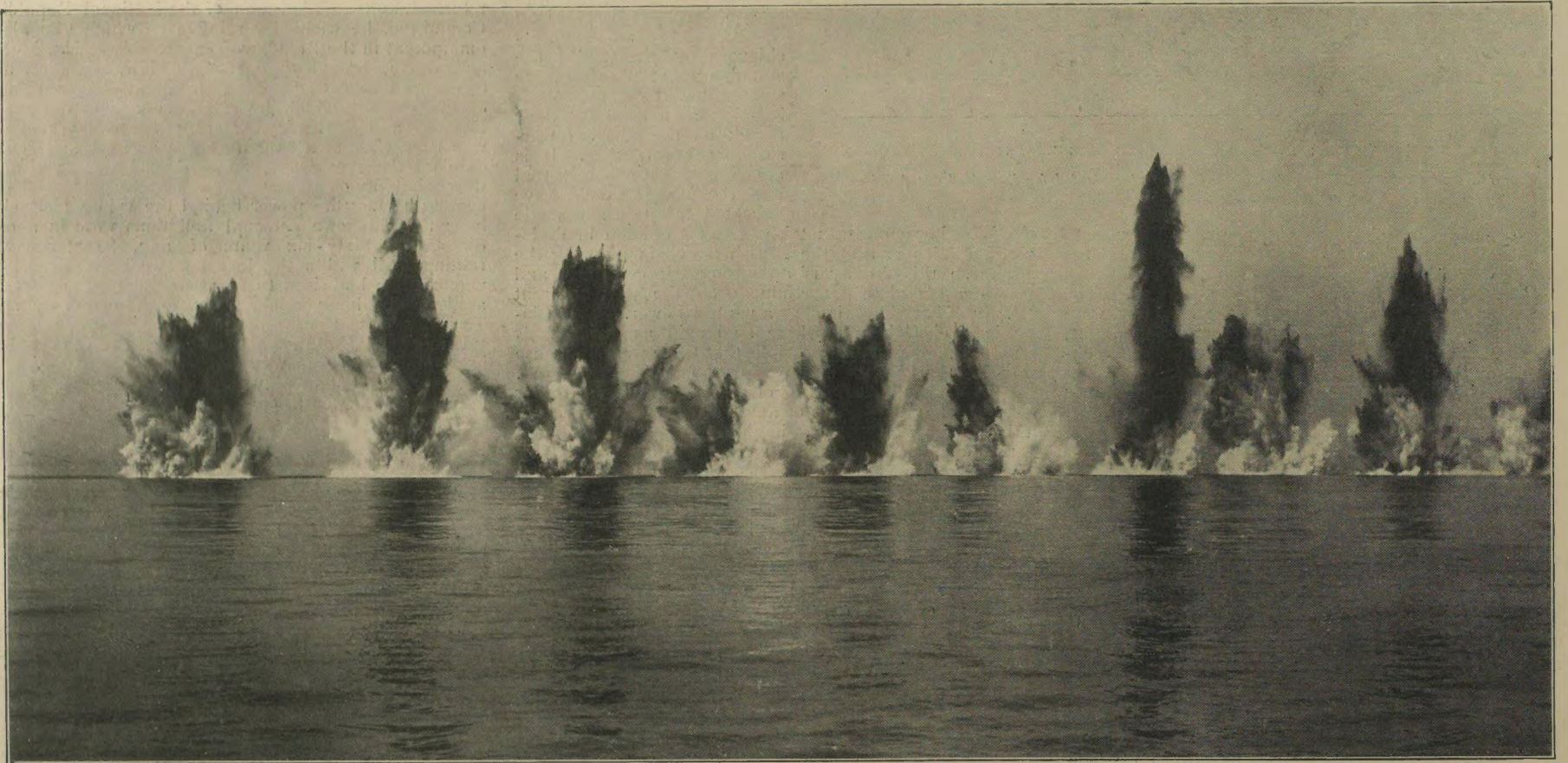


Photo. Symonds.

THE MINE IN NAVAL WARFARE: EXPLOSION OF A LINE OF MINES BY COUNTERMINING.

into Korea by land, but their communications would be liable to interruption from the sea. And on the other hand, Japan could not attempt the invasion of Manchuria without first clearing the intervening waters of her enemy.

Having this fact in view, it must be said that the Russian division of naval force was strategically wrong. The explanation is probably to be found in the lack of accommodation at Port Arthur. This is by no means the perfect harbour that it has been described. The channel is a tortuous one, and the space inside very limited. Whatever be the reason, the separation of the two divisions by nearly one thousand miles was a mistake; and leaving a couple of vessels at Chemulpo was suicidal. On the other hand, the interior position held by the Japanese fleet was an ideal one. Not only did Admiral Togo stand in the way of a junction between the two portions of the Russian fleet, but it was impossible to say at which he would strike first.

The brilliant achievement at Port Arthur could scarcely have come as a surprise to those who had studied naval matters. The only question was, which would get in the first blow—the Russian or Japanese torpedo-boats? We know now that the Japanese naval officers had profited most both by their own experience and by the experience of others. On the night of Saturday, Feb. 6, the combined Japanese fleet left Sasebo, and the next day Admiral Togo, with the battle squadron, preceded by a cruiser division and torpedo-boats, stood into the Korean Bay, covering and masking the advance of his other division and the transports making for Chemulpo. Had the Russian fleet and its torpedo-boats left Port Arthur on this Saturday also, the result of the first engagements of the war might have been very different. If Admiral Uriu, with his convoy of troop-ships, had met a flotilla of Russian destroyers instead of a couple of small cruisers, it is quite possible that the torpedo attack on Port Arthur might have been heralded by a similar exploit on the part of the Russians. As it was,

the Government would not propose Protection to the country at the General Election. This was the line taken by Mr. Gerald Balfour, Mr. Wyndham, and Mr. Akers Douglas. It was contended by the Opposition, however, that the speeches of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lyttelton breathed the spirit of pure Protection. Sir John Gorst asked whether the Government would support Unionist candidates who upheld Mr. Chamberlain's policy of Tariff Reform, and the Colonial Secretary answered that they would. No distinction would be made between Mr. Chamberlain's candidates and Mr. Balfour's candidates. This statement gave much offence to the Free Food Unionists, who had been disposed to accept Mr. Gerald Balfour's repudiation of Protection in every form. Mr. Lyttelton denied that small import duties were protective, and Mr. Bonar Law declined to answer the question whether a retaliatory duty, when it has served its purpose, would be taken off. Mr. Redmond announced that the Irish Nationalists reserved their judgment on the fiscal issue, but would vote against the Government, because Home Rule and a Catholic University for Ireland were not in the Ministerial programme. Mr. Wyndham's assurances failed to satisfy 26 Unionists, who went accordingly into the Opposition lobby. The amendment was rejected by a majority of 51 in a House of 603 members.

An amendment, moved by Mr. Herbert Samuel, protesting against the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal, drew from the Colonial Secretary a defence of the new Ordinance on the ground that it was an economic necessity. There was a large deficit; labour at the mines was short by 30,000 men; and Lord Milner, Sir Arthur Lawley, the Legislative Council, and the mining experts held that without Asiatic labour the economic condition of the country would become so bad as to cause an exodus of the white population. As for a referendum, Mr. Lyttelton said that would take nine months, and the need was urgent. Mr. Buxton said the conscience of the country would be revolted if the Ordinance were carried.

side garden and West-End theatre scenes look well, and one character of the play, a grass-widow who has forgotten her husband's appearance, is made extremely diverting by Miss Lottie Venne. But there are various admirable "turns," the best perhaps that in which dainty Miss Kate Cutler and the droll comedian, Mr. Golden, burlesque laughably "*The Darling of the Gods*" and the fashionable wrestlers. Popular also is a coon song and dance of Miss Blanche Ring's; and Fred Leslie's son, who takes his father's name, makes a favourable impression as a Rajah.

"THE ARM OF THE LAW," AT THE GARRICK.

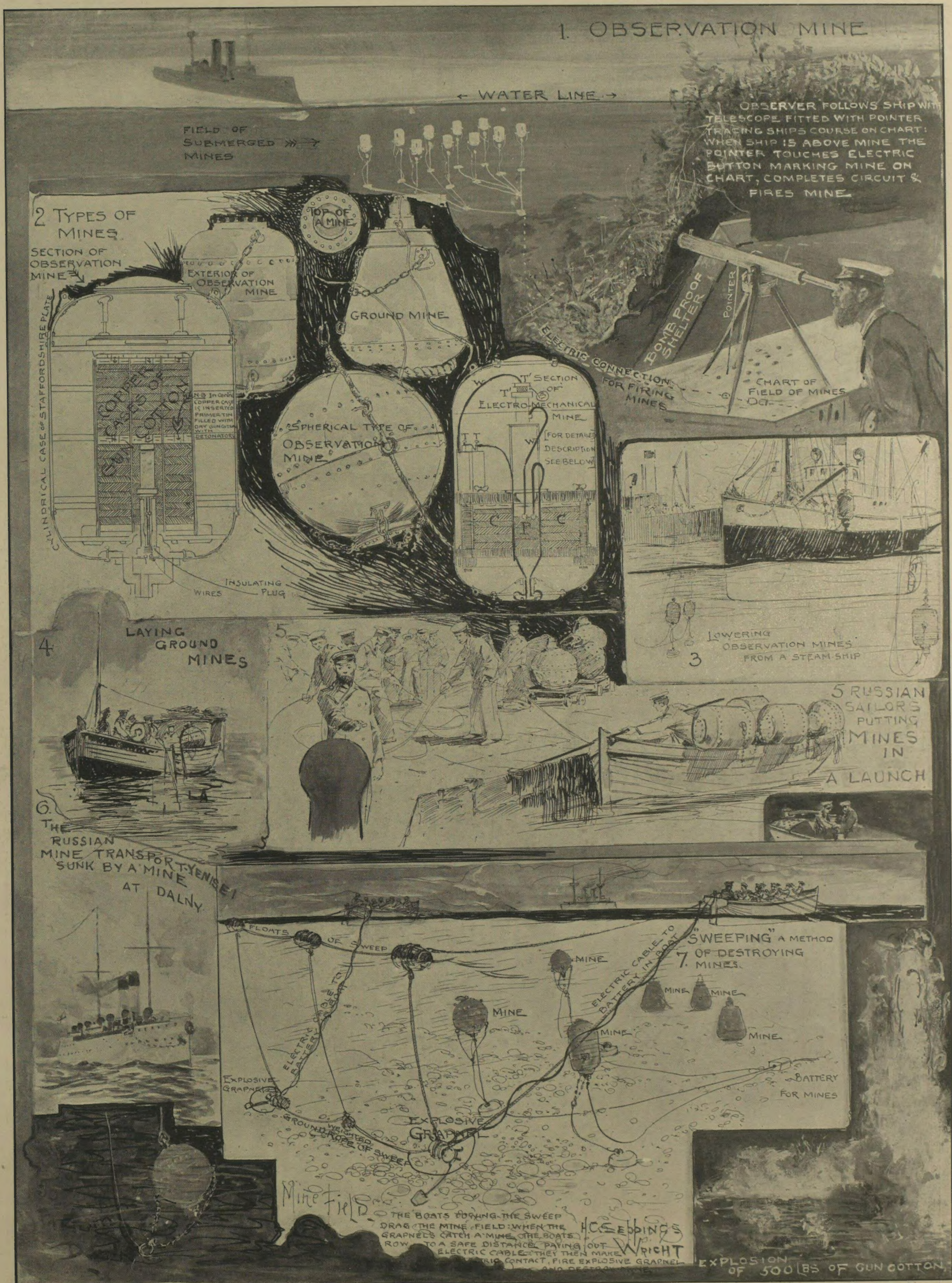
When, some twenty months ago, Madame Réjane staged at the Imperial Theatre M. Brieux' play of "*La Robe Rouge*," it was seen that, imbedded in a strongly partisan and detailed exposure of the unfairness of the French legal system, was a very picturesque and impressive drama. And now that at the Garrick the original first two acts, in which the legal atmosphere of the piece was developed, have been compressed into one, and Yanetta, the Basque peasant, and Etchepare, her bewildered husband, take their proper places of protagonists of the story, its strength and pathos are more than ever revealed. At the Garrick there is some remarkably vigorous acting. Mr. Bouchier gives a very able character-sketch of the relentless counsel, and Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw makes much of Etchepare's sullenness; but it is Miss Violet Vanbrugh, a romantic actress *par excellence*, who, as Yanetta, produces the most striking effect. In the climax of the cross-examination, in the moment of vengeful murder, Miss Vanbrugh thrills her audience by her passionate intensity.

PRODUCTIONS ILLUSTRATED.

The week's new pieces also included "*A Queen's Romance*," at the Imperial Theatre, and "*My Lady of Rosedale*," at the New Theatre. Both of these we illustrate in this issue, and next week a detailed criticism will be given.

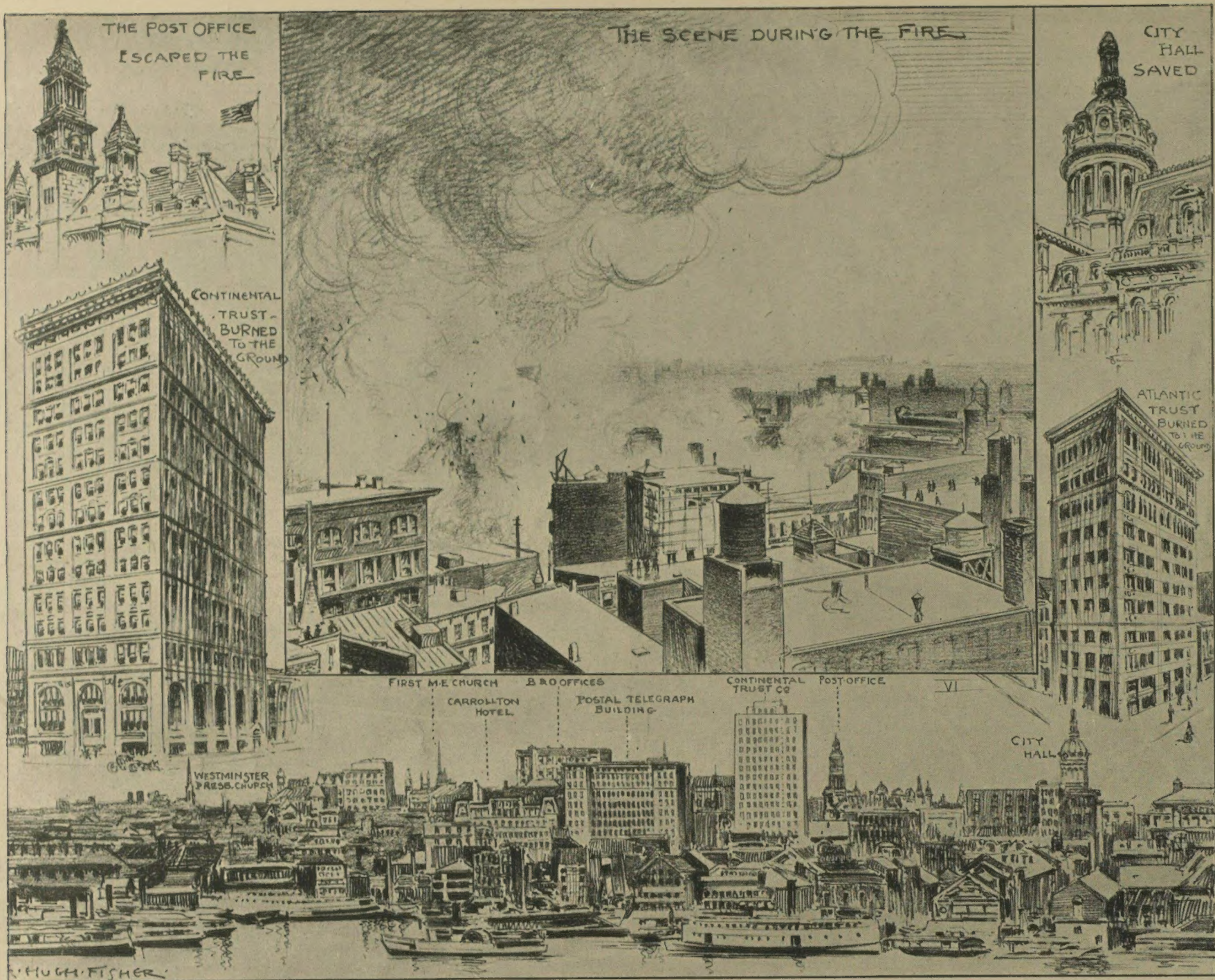
THE SINKING OF THE MINE-TRANSPORT "YENESEI": THE MINE IN NAVAL WARFARE.

DRAWN BY H. C SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



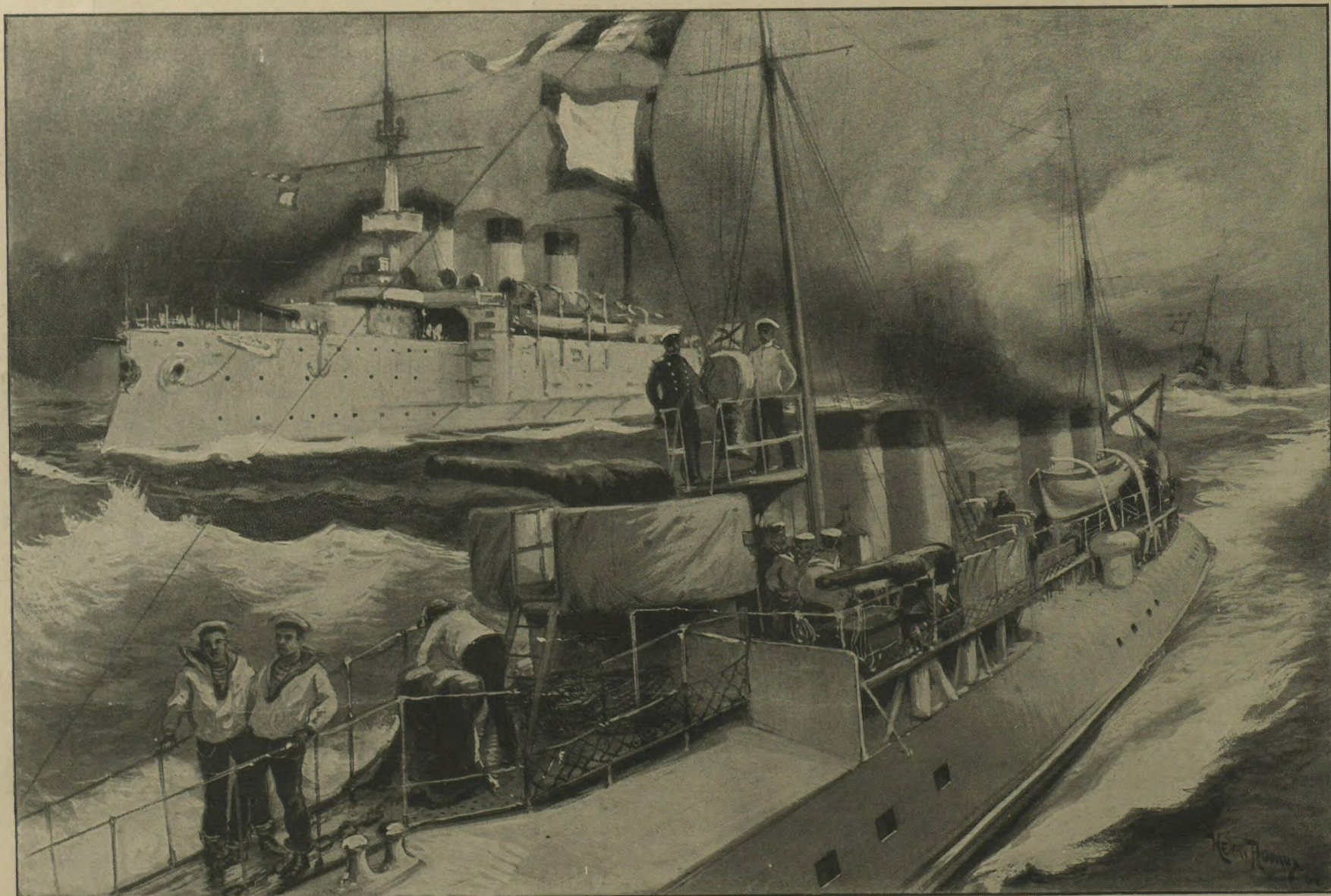
METHODS OF THE MINE, AND DEVICES FOR ITS DESTRUCTION.

Explanation of Electro-Mechanical Mine: Within mine is an electric battery T T, from which come wires W W, capable of firing charge C, when the mine is tilted by a ship so as to cause mercury in spindle P to make contact with ends of wires all but dipping into it. During laying of mine, premature explosion by movement of mercury is prevented by an insulating cake of sugar S, holding apart discs T T, thus breaking circuit. When mine is laid, water is allowed to enter and melt sugar, thus letting discs T and T come together, and the circuit from battery now needs only the movement of mercury to complete it and fire the mine. The diagrams are based on Lieutenant G. E. Armstrong's excellent handbook (the recognised authority), "Torpedoes and Torpedo-Vessels," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. George Bell and Sons.



£20,000,000 DAMAGE: SCENES OF THE DEVASTATING FIRE AT BALTIMORE, U.S.A., FEBRUARY 8.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

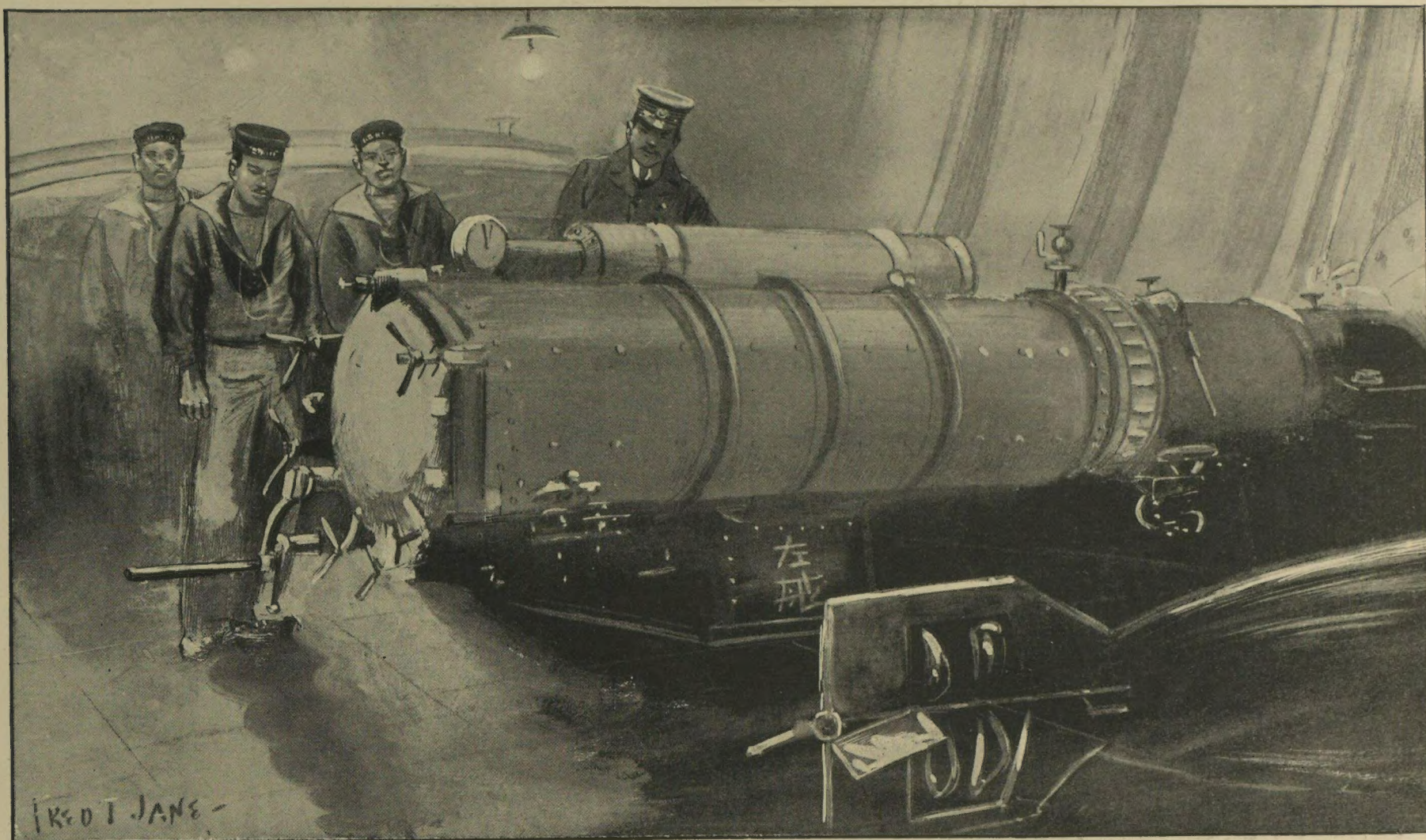


A RUSSIAN FLOTILLA OF TORPEDO-DESTROYERS ESCORTED BY THE BATTLE-SHIP "OSLIABIA" IN THE RED SEA.

DRAWN BY HENRI RUDEAUX.

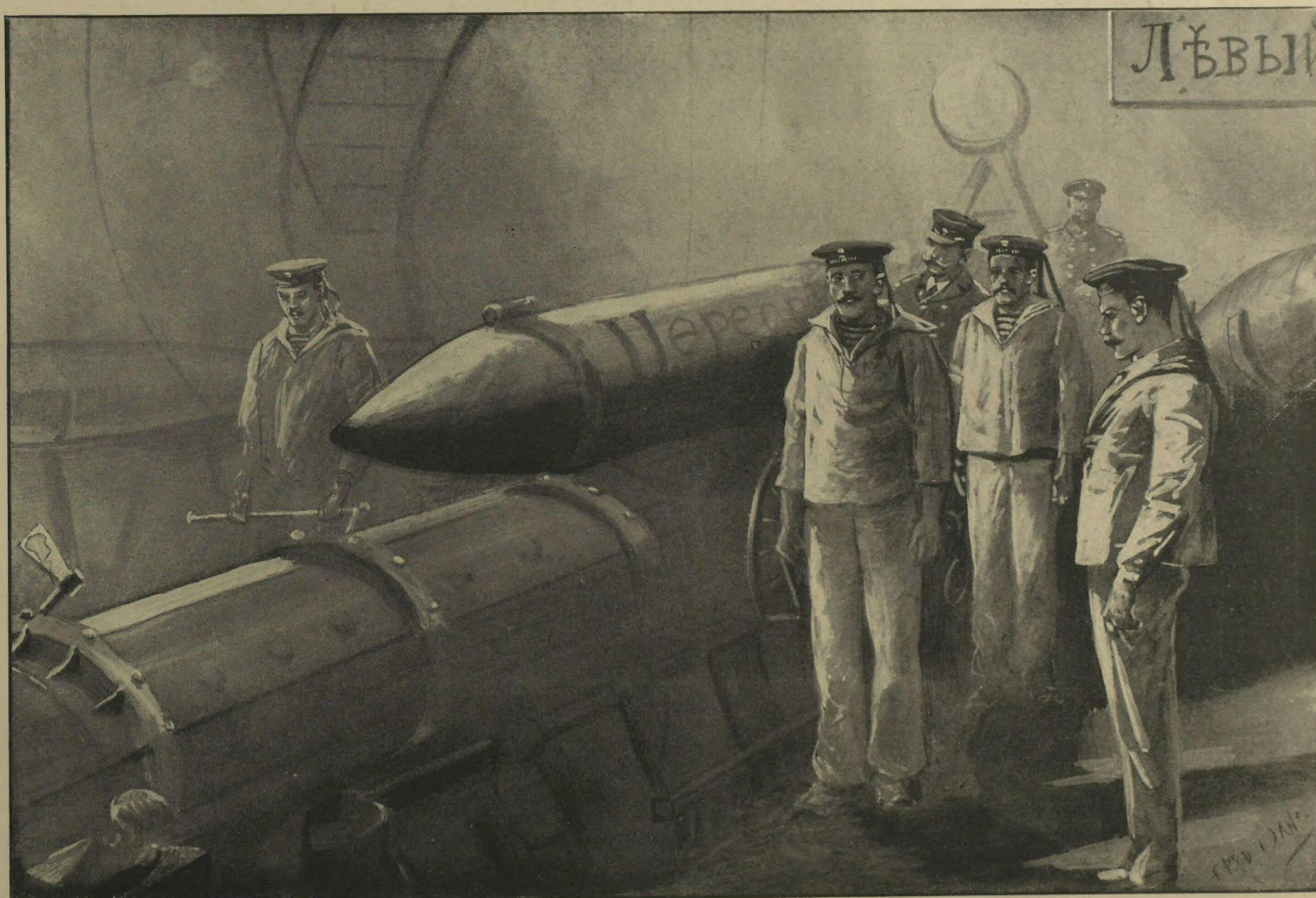
JAPAN'S ADVANTAGE OVER RUSSIA IN SUBMERGED TORPEDO-TUBES.

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY F. T. JANE.



A SUBMERGED TORPEDO-TUBE ON BOARD A JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP (RATE OF FIRE: 1 EVERY 2 MINUTES).

The type of tube here shown was made at Elswick. It was first fitted to the Japanese battle-ship "Fuji," and since then has been considerably improved. It is now able to deliver torpedoes while the ship is going nearly at full speed. The firing is done by compressed air from a chamber shown just above the tube. Above-water tubes are fired by cordite. Approximately the Japanese should be able to fire a torpedo every two minutes from submerged tubes. The tail of a Whitehead torpedo appears in the foreground on the right.

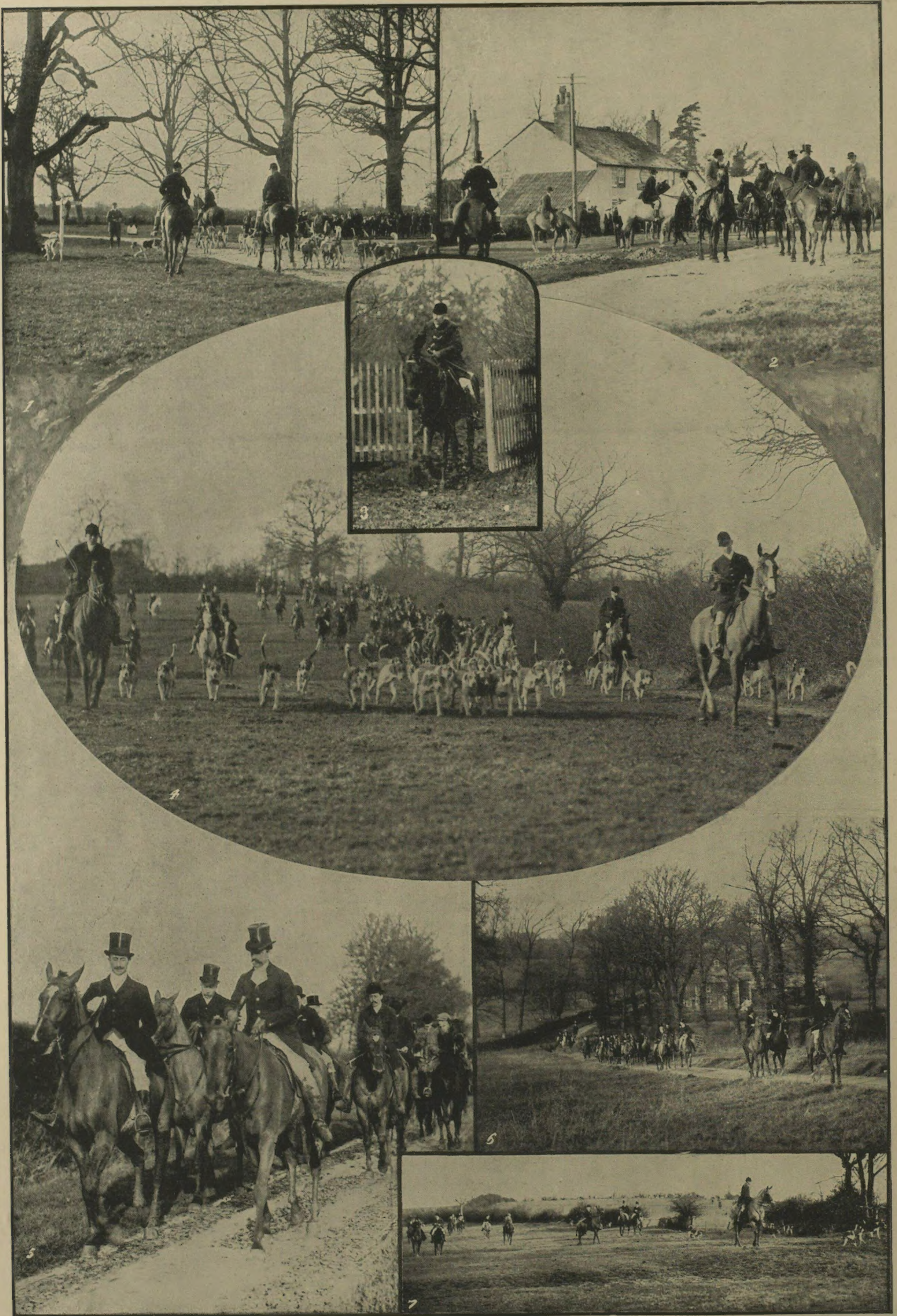


A SUBMERGED TORPEDO-TUBE ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "PERESVET," NOW AT PORT ARTHUR (RATE OF FIRE: 1 EVERY 4 OR 5 MINUTES).

Great secrecy is observed with regard to the Russian torpedo-tubes. The submerged tubes are partly a French and partly a Russian invention. Those above-water are the same as in the Japanese and all other fleets. The compressed air for firing is carried in the cigar-shaped chamber which appears above the tube. The torpedo itself is a kind of Whitehead. The rate of torpedo-firing varies according to the efficiency of the ship's company; but at the best the Russians can only fire one torpedo from an under-water tube every four or five minutes, as against Japan's one every two minutes. The Russians cannot deliver a torpedo accurately when the ship is going fast.

FAMOUS BRITISH HUNTS.—No. VIII.: WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S FOXHOUNDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



1. THE ARRIVAL OF THE HOUNDS.

2. A SCENE AT THE WHITE HART, LYNEHAM.

3. THE MASTER: THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

4. THE PACK AND A LARGE FIELD.

5. OFF TO COVERT: THE EARL OF KERRY ON RIGHT;

MAJOR C. COLEY IN CENTRE BEHIND.

6. GOING TO DRAW.

7. A CHECK DURING

A FAST RUN.



The Last Hope.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. * Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

"Tide's a-turning, Sir," said a voice at the open doorway of the cabin, and Captain Clubbe turned his impassive face towards Dormer Colville, who looked oddly white beneath the light of the lamp.

Barebone had unceremoniously dragged his hand away from the hold of Juliette's fingers. He made a step back, and then turned towards the door at the sound of his shipmate's well-known voice. He stood staring out into the darkness like one who is walking in his sleep. No one spoke, and through the open doorways no sound came to them but the song of the wind through the rigging.

At last Barebone turned, and there was no sign of fear or misgiving in his face. He looked at Clubbe and at no one else, as if the captain and he were alone in the cabin, where they had passed so many years together in fair weather, to bring out that which is evil in a man, and foul, to evolve the good.

"What do *you* say?" he asked in English, and he must have known that Captain Clubbe understood French better than he was ready to admit.

Clubbe passed his hand slowly across his cheek and chin, not in order to gain time, or because he had not an answer ready, but because he came of a slow-speaking race. His answer had been made ready weeks before while he sat on the weather-beaten seat set against the wall of the Black Sailor at Farlingford.

"Tide's turned," he answered simply. "You'd better get your oilskins on again and go."

"Yes," said Loo, with a queer laugh. "I fancy I shall want my oilskins."

The boat which had been sent from Royan at the order of the pilot who went ashore there had followed *The Last Hope* up the river, and was now lying under the English ship's stern awaiting her two passengers and the turn of the tide.

Dormer Colville glanced at the cabin clock.

"Then," he said briskly, "let us be going. It will be late enough as it is before we reach my cousin's house."

He turned and translated his remark for the benefit of the Marquis and Juliette, remembering that they must needs fail to understand a colloquy in the muttered and clipped English of the east coast. He was nervously anxious, it would appear, to tide over a difficult moment; to give Loo Barebone breathing space and yet to avoid unnecessary question and answer. He had not lived forty adventurous years in the world without learning that it is the word too much which wrecks the majority of human schemes.

Their preparations had been made beforehand in readiness for the turn of the tide, without the help of which the voyage back to Royan against a contrary wind must necessarily be long and wearisome.

There was nothing to wait for. Captain Clubbe was not the man to prolong a farewell or waste his words in wishes for the future, knowing, perhaps, how vain such must always be. Loo was dazed still by the crash of the storm and the tension of the effort to bring his boat safely through it.

The rest had not fully penetrated to his inmost mind yet. There had been only time to act and none to think; and when the necessity to act was past, when he found himself crouching down under the weather gunwale of the French fishing-boat without even the necessity of laying hand on sheet or tiller; when at last he had time to think, he found that the ability to do so was no longer his. For Fortune when she lifts up or casts us down usually numbs the understanding at the first turn of her wheel, sending her victim staggering on his way a mere machine, astonishingly alive to the necessity of the immediate moment, careful of the next step, but capable of looking neither forward nor backward with an understanding eye.

The waning moon came up at last, behind a distant line of trees on the Charente side, lighting with a silver lining the towering clouds of the storm, which was still travelling eastward, leaving in its wake battered vines and ruined crops, searing the face of the land as with a hot iron. Loo lifted his head and looked round him. The owner of the boat was at the tiller, while his assistant sat amidships, his elbows on his knees, looking ahead with dreamy eyes. Close to Barebone, crouching from the wind which blew cold from the Atlantic, was Dormer Colville, affably silent. If Loo turned to glance at him he looked away, but when his back was turned Loo was conscious of watching eyes full of sympathy, almost uncomfortably quick to perceive the inward working of another's mind, and suit his own thereto.

Thus the boat plunged out towards the sea and the flickering lights that mark the channel, tacking right across to that spit of land lying between the Gironde and the broad Atlantic where grows a wine without match in all the world. Thus Loo Barebone turned his back on the ship which had been his home so long, and set out into a new world—a new and unknown life, with the Marquis de Gemosac's ringing words buzzing in his brain yet; with the warm touch of Juliette's lips burning still upon his hand.

"You are the grandson of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette! You are the last hope of France!"

And he remembered the lights and shadows on Juliette's hair as he looked down upon her bent head.

Colville was talking to the "patron" now. He knew the coast, it seemed, and somewhere or other had learned enough of such matters of local seafaring interest as to set the fisherman at his ease and make him talk.

They were arranging where to land, and Colville was describing the exact whereabouts of a little jetty, used for bathing purposes, which ran out from the sandy shore quite near to Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's house in the pine-trees two miles south of Royan. It was no easy matter to find this spot by the dim light of a waning moon; and half mechanically, Loo joined in the search, and presently, when the jetty was reached, helped to make fast in a choppy sea.

They left the luggage on the jetty and walked across the silent sand side by side.

"There!" said Colville, pointing forward. "It is through that opening in the pine-trees. A matter of five minutes, and we shall be at my cousin's house."

"It is very kind of Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence," answered Barebone, "to—well, to take me up. I suppose that is the best way to look at it."

Colville laughed quietly.

"Yes—put it thus if you like," he said. They walked on in silence for a few yards, and then Dormer Colville slipped his hand within his companion's arm, as was the fashion among men even in England in those more expansive days.

"I think I know how you feel," he said, suiting his step to Barebone's. "You must feel like a man who is set down to a table to play a game of which he knows nothing, and on taking up his cards finds that he holds a hand all court cards and trumps—and he doesn't know how to play them."

Barebone made no answer. He had yet to unlearn Captain Clubbe's unconscious teaching that a man's feelings are his own concern, and no other has any interest or right to share in them, except one woman, and even she must guess the larger half.

"But as the game progresses," went on Colville reassuringly, "you will find out how it is played. You will even find that you are a skilled player, and then the gambler's spirit will fire your blood and arouse your energies. You will discover what a d—d good game it is. The great game, Barebone—the Great Game. And France is the country to play it in."

He stamped his foot on the soil of France as he spoke, and laughed quietly to himself.

"The moment I saw you I knew that you would do. No man better fitted to play the game than yourself; for you have wit and quickness," went on this friend and mentor, with a little pressure on his companion's arm. "But—you will have to put your back into it, you know."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I noticed at Farlingford a certain reluctance to begin. It is in the blood, I suppose. There is, you know, in the Bourbon blood a certain strain of—well, let us say of reluctance to begin. Others call it by a different name. Ore is not a Bourbon for nothing, I suppose. And everything—even if it be a vice—that serves to emphasise identity is to be cultivated. But, as I say, you will have to put your back into it later on. At present there will be less

to do. You will have to play close and hold your hand, and follow any lead that is given you by de Gemosac or by my humble self. You will find that easy enough, I know. For you have all a Frenchman's quickness to understand. And I suppose—to put it plainly as between men of the world—now that you have had time to think it over, you are not afraid, Barebone?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Barebone. "I am not afraid."

"One is not a Barebone—or a Bourbon—for nothing," observed Colville in an aside to himself. "Gad! I wish I could say that I should not be afraid myself under similar circumstances. My heart was in my mouth, I can tell you, in that cabin when de Gemosac blurted it all out. It came suddenly at the end, and—well, it rather hit one in the wind. And as I say, one is not a Bourbon for nothing. You come into a heritage, you know, eight hundred years old, of likes and dislikes, of genius and incapacity, of an astounding cleverness and a preposterous foolishness without compare in the history of dynasties. But that doesn't matter now—adays. This is a progressive age, you know; even the Bourbons cannot hold back the advance of the times."

"I come into a heritage of friends and of enemies," said Barebone gaily, "all ready made. That seems to me more important."

"Gad! you are right," exclaimed Colville. "I said you would do the moment I saw you step ashore at Farlingford. You have gone right to the heart of the question at the first bound. It is your friends and your enemies that will give you trouble."

"More especially my friends," suggested Loo, with a light laugh.

"Right again," answered Colville, glancing at him sideways beneath the brim of his hat. And there was a little pause before he spoke again.

"You have probably learnt how to deal with your enemies at sea," he said thoughtfully at length. "Have you ever noticed how an English ship comes into a foreign harbour and takes her berth at her moorings? There is nothing more characteristic of the nation. And one captain is like another. No doubt you have seen Clubbe do it a hundred times. He comes in all sails set and steers straight for the berth he has chosen. And there are always half-a-dozen men in half-a-dozen small boats who go out to meet him. They stand up and wave their arms and point this way and that. They ask a hundred questions, and with their hands round their faces shout their advice. And in answer to one and the other the captain looks over the side and says, 'You be d—d!' That will be the way to deal with some of your friends and all your enemies alike, Barebone, if you mean to get on in France. You will have to look over the side at the people in small boats below who are shouting and say 'You be d—d!'"

They were at the gate of a house now, set down in a clearing amid the pine-trees.

"This is my cousin's house," said Dormer Colville. "It is to be your home for the present. And you need not scruple, as she will tell you, to consider it so. It is not a time to think of obligations, you understand, or to consider that you are running into anyone's debt. You may remember that afterwards, perhaps, but that is as may be. For the present there is no question of obligations. We are all in the same boat—all playing the same game."

And he laughed below his breath as he closed the gate with caution; for it was late, and the house seemed to hold none but sleepers.

"As for my cousin herself," he continued as they went towards the door, "you will find her easy enough to get on with—a clever woman and a good-looking one. *Du reste*—it is not in that direction that your difficulties will lie. You will find it easy enough to get on with

the women of the party, I fancy—from what I have observed."

And again he seemed to be amused.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE GAMBLERS."

In a sense, politics must always represent the game that is most attractive to the careful gambler. For one may play at it without having anything to lose. It is one of the few games within the reach of the adventurous, where no stake need be cast upon the table. The gambler who takes up a political career plays to win or not to win. He may jump up from the gutter and shout that he is the man of the moment, without offering any proof of his assertion beyond the loudness of a strident voice. And if no one listens to him he loses nothing but his breath.

And in France the man who shouts loudest is almost certain to have the largest following. In England the

asleep. He was not in the room of a High Official, but in the waiting-room attached to it.

He knew that the High Official himself was scarcely likely to dismiss a previous visitor or a present occupation any the earlier for being importuned; for he was aware of the official's antecedents, and knew that a jack-in-office who has shouted himself into office is nearly always careful to be deaf to other voices than his own.

Moreover, Mr. John Turner was never pressed for time.

"Yes," he had been known to say, "I was in Paris in '48. Never missed a meal."

Whereas others with much less at stake than this great banker had omitted not only meals, but their night's rest, night after night, in those stirring times.

John Turner was still asleep when the door leading to the Minister's room was cautiously opened, showing an inner darkness such as prevails in an alcove between double doors. The door opened a little wider. No doubt the peeping eye had made sure that the occupant of the waiting-room was asleep. On the threshold stood a man of middle height, who carried himself with a certain grace and quiet dignity. He was pale almost to sallowness—a broad face with a kind mouth and melancholy eyes without any light in them. The melancholy must have been expressed rather by the lines of the brows than by the eye itself, for this was without life or expression—the eye of a man who is either very short-sighted or is engaged in looking through that which he actually sees to something he fancies he perceives beyond it.

His lips smiled, but the smile died beneath a neatly waxed moustache, and reached no higher on the mask-like face. Then he disappeared in the outer darkness between the two doors, and the handle made no noise in turning.

In a few minutes an attendant in a gay uniform came in by the same door without seeking to suppress the clatter of his boots on the oak floor.

"Holà, Monsieur!" he said in a loud voice. And Mr. John Turner crossed his legs and leant farther back in the chair preparatory to opening his eyes, which he did directly on the newcomer's face, without any of that vague flitting hither and thither of glance which usually denotes the sleeper surprised.

The eyes were of a clear blue, and Mr. Turner looked five years younger with them open than with them shut. But he was immensely stout. "Well, my friend," he said soothingly; for the Minister's attendant had a truculent ministerial manner. "Why so much noise?"

"The Minister will see you."

John Turner yawned and reached for his hat.

"The Minister is pressed for time."

"So was I," replied the Englishman, who spoke perfect French, "when I first sat down here half an hour ago. But even haste will pass in time."

He rose and followed the servant into the inner room, where he returned the bow of a little white-bearded gentleman seated at a huge desk.

"Well, Sir," said this gentleman, with the abrupt manner which has come to be considered Napoleonic on the stage, or in the political world, to-day. "Your business?"

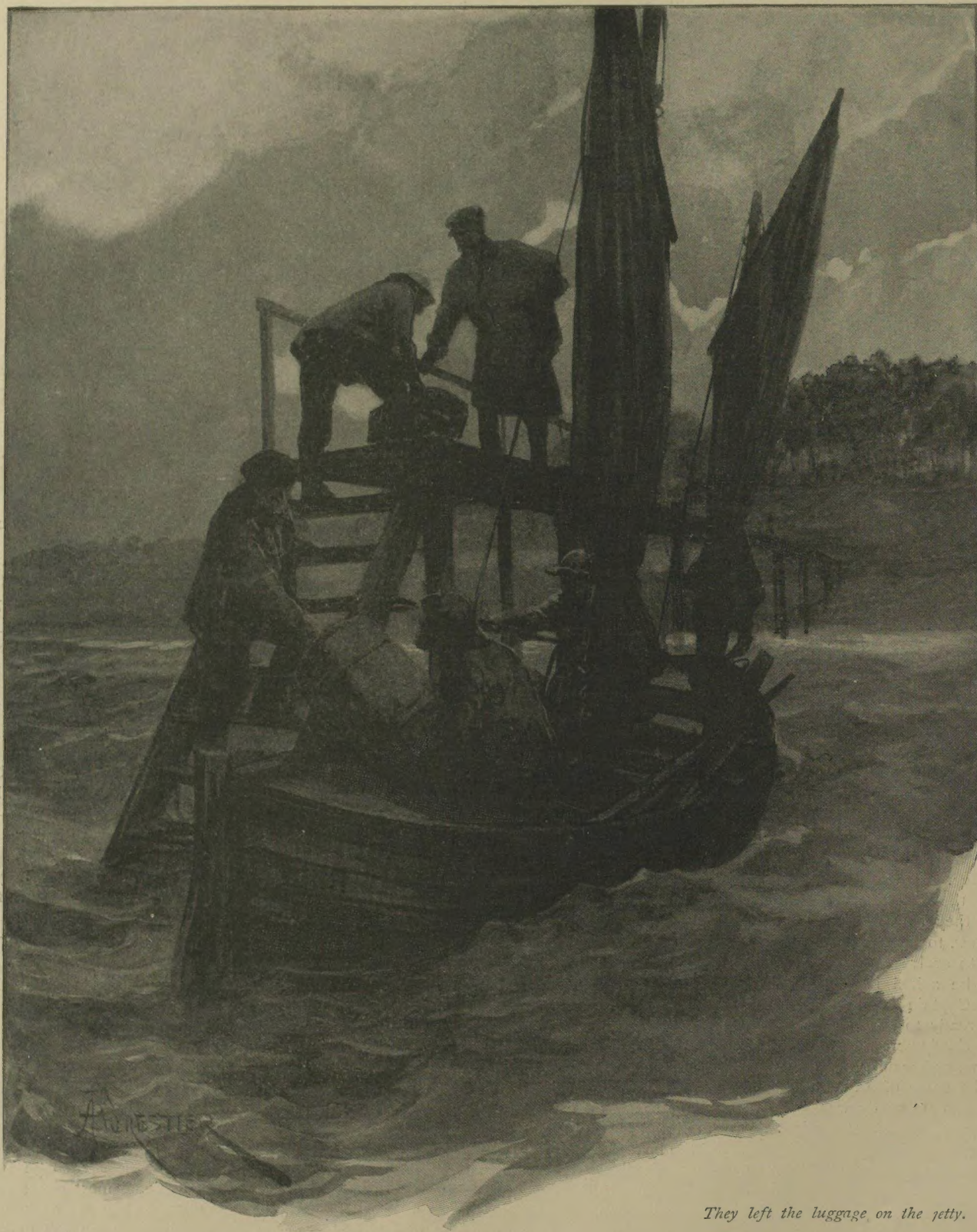
The servant had withdrawn, closing the door behind him with an emphasis of the self-accusatory sort.

"I am a banker," replied John Turner, looking with an obese deliberation towards one of the deep windows where, half concealed by the heavy curtain, a third person stood gazing down into the street.

The Minister smiled involuntarily, forgetting his dignity of a two years' growth.

"Oh—you may speak before Monsieur," he said.

"But I am behind him," was the immediate reply.



They left the luggage on the jetty.

same rule does not yet hold good, but the day seems to be approaching when it will.

In France, ever since the great Revolution, men have leapt up from the gutter to grasp the reins of power. Some, indeed, have sprung from the gutter of a palace, which is no more wholesome, it would appear, than the drain of any street, or a ditch that carries off the refuse of a cheap Press.

There are certain rooms in the north wing of the Louvre in Paris, rooms having windows facing across the Rue de Rivoli towards the Palais Royal, where men must have sat in the comfortable leather-covered chair of the High Official and laughed at the astounding simplicity of the French people. But he laughs best who laughs last, and the people will assuredly be amused in a few months, or a few years, at the very sudden and very humiliating discomfiture of a gentleman falling face-foremost into the street or hanging forlornly from a lamp-post at the corner of it. For some have quitted these comfortable chairs, in these quiet, double-windowed rooms overlooking the Rue de Rivoli, for no better fate.

It was in the autumn of 1850—on a day that anticipated winter, by the way—that a stout gentleman seated in one of these comfortable chairs succumbed so far to the warmth of the well-heated palace corridors as to fall

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"But I am behind him," was the immediate reply.

The gentleman leaning against the window-breast did not accept this somewhat obvious invitation to show his face. He must have heard it, however, despite an absorption which was probably chronic; for he made a movement to follow with his glance the passage of some object of interest in the street below. And the movement seemed to supply John Turner with the information he desired.

"Yes, I am a banker," he said more genially.

The Minister gave a short laugh.

"Monsieur," he said, "everyone in Europe knows that—proceed."

"And I only meddle in politics when I see the possibility of making an honest penny."

"Already made, that honest penny—if one may believe the gossip of Europe," said the Minister. "So many pence that it is whispered that you do not know what to do with them."

"It is unfortunate," admitted Turner, "that one can only dine once a day."

The little gentleman in office had more than once invited his visitor to be seated, indicating by a gesture

"Yes," answered Turner, leaning forward to draw the bell out of reach. He nodded his head with a friendly smile, and his fat cheeks shook. "Yes—and other things as well. Some of those other matters are perhaps even more worthy of your earnest attention. It is worth your while to listen. More especially as you are paid for it—by the hour."

He laughed inside himself with a hollow sound, and placidly crossed his legs.

"Yes. I came to tell you, first, that the present form of government and—er—any other form which may evolve from it—"

"Oh, proceed, Monsieur!" exclaimed the Minister hastily, while the man in the recess of the window turned and looked over his shoulder at John Turner's profile with a smile, not unkind, on his Sphinx-like face.

"—Has the inestimable advantage of my passive approval. That is why I am here, in fact. I should be sorry to see it upset—"

He broke off and turned laboriously in his chair to look towards the window, as if the gaze of the expressionless eyes there had tickled the back of his neck

"One supposes," said the Minister, hazarding an opinion for the first time—and he gave it with a sidelong glance towards the window—"that it is passing from the hands of a financier possessing money into those of one who has none."

"Precisely. And if a financier possessing money is persuaded to part with it in such a quarter as you suggest, one may conclude that he has good reason to anticipate a substantial return for the loan. You who are a brilliant collaborator in the present Government should know that if anyone does, Monsieur le Ministre."

The Minister glanced towards the window and then gave a good-natured and encouraging laugh, quite unexpectedly, just as if he had been told to do so by the silent man looking down into the street, who may, indeed, have had time to make a gesture.

"And," pursued the banker, "if a financier possessing money parts with it—or, to state the case more particularly, if a financier possessing no money, to my certain knowledge, suddenly raises it from nowhere definite for the purposes of a Royalist conspiracy, the natural conclusion is that the Royalists have got hold of something good."



"It is worth your while to listen."

the chair placed ready for him. After a slow inspection of its legs Mr. John Turner now seated himself. It would seem that he at the same time tacitly accepted the invitation to ignore the presence of a third person.

"Since you seem to know all about me," he said, "I will not waste any more of your time or mine by trying to make you believe that I am eminently respectable. The business that brought me here, however, is of a political nature. A plain man like myself only touches politics when he sees his gain clearly. There are others who enter that field from purer motives, I am told. I have not met them."

The Minister smiled on one side of his face, and all of it went white. He glanced uncomfortably at that third person whom he had suggested ignoring.

"And yet," went on John Turner, very dense or greatly daring, "I have lived many years in France, Monsieur le Ministre."

The Minister frowned at him, and made a quick gesture of one hand towards the window.

"So long," pursued the Englishman placidly, "as the trains start punctually and there is not actually grape-shot in the streets and one may count upon one's dinner at the hour, one form of government in this country seems to me to be as good as another. A Bourbon monarchy, or an Orleans monarchy, or a Republic, or—well, an Empire, Monsieur le Ministre."

"*Mon Dieu*, have you come here to tell me this?" cried the Minister impatiently, glancing over his shoulder towards the window, and with one hand already stretched out towards the little bell standing on his desk.

like a fly. But by the time the heavy banker had got round, the curtain had fallen again in its original folds.

"—By a serious Royalist plot," concluded Turner, in his thick, deliberate way.

"So, assuredly, would any patriot or any true friend of France," said the Minister, in his best declamatory manner.

"Um—m. That is out of my depth," returned the Englishman bluntly. "I paddle about in the shallow water at the edge and pick up what I can—you understand. I am too fat for a *voyant* bathing-costume and the deep waters beyond, Monsieur le Ministre."

The Minister drummed impatiently on his desk with his five fingers, and looked at Turner sideways beneath his brows.

"Royalist plots are common enough," he said tentatively, after a pause.

"Not a Royalist plot with money in it," was the retort. "I daresay an honest politician like yourself is aware that in France it is always safe to ignore the conspirator who has no money, and always dangerous to treat with contempt him who jingles a purse. There is only a certain amount of money in the world, Monsieur le Ministre, and we bankers usually know where it is. I do not mean the money that the world pours into its own stomach. That is always afloat; changing hands daily. I mean the Great Reserves. We watch those, you understand. And if one of the Great Reserves, or even one of the smaller reserves, moves, we wonder why it is being moved, and we nearly always find out."

John Turner leant back in his chair and suppressed a yawn.

"This room is very warm," he said, producing a pocket-handkerchief. Which was tantamount to a refusal to say more.

The Minister twisted the end of his moustache in reflection. It was at this time the fashion in France to wear the moustache waxed. Indeed, men displayed thus their political bias to all whom it might concern.

"There remains nothing," said the official at length with a gracious smile, "but to ask your terms!"

For he who was afterwards Napoleon III. had introduced into French political and social life a plain-spoken cynicism which characterises both to this day.

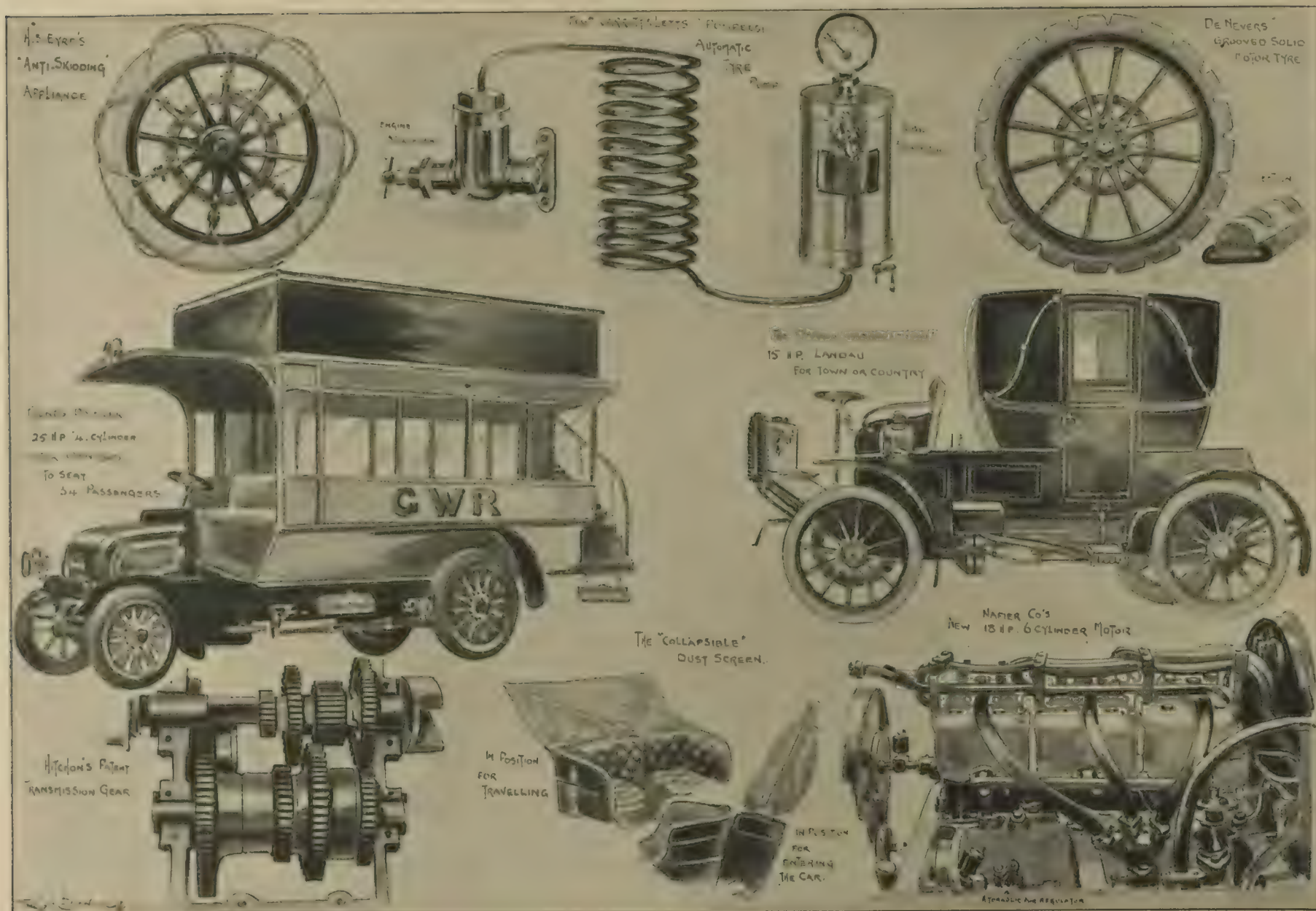
"Easy," replied Turner. "You will find them easy. First, I would ask that your stupid secret police keeps its fingers out. Secondly, that leniency be assured to one person, a client of mine—the woman who supplies the money—who is under the influence . . . well, that influence which makes women do nobler and more foolish things, Monsieur, than men are capable of."

He rose as he spoke, collected his hat and stick, and walked slowly to the door. With his hand on the handle he paused.

"You can think about it," he said; "and let me know at your leisure. By the way, there is one more point, Monsieur le Ministre. I would ask you to let this matter remain a secret known only to our two selves, and—the Prince President."

And John Turner went out without so much as a glance towards the window.

(To be continued.)



MOTOR NOVELTIES: EXHIBITS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW.
SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST'S JOURNEY TO JAPAN: SCENE IN A COLONISTS' CAR ON THE CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW AT THE SCENE OF HOSTILITIES

The latest advices from Mr. Melton Prior, who proceeded to the Far East by way of the Far West, show that he must have arrived in Japan in time for the commencement of hostilities—the twenty-seventh campaign he has seen for this Journal. Mr. Melton Prior, whose pencil is never idle even on a journey, enclosed the accompanying sketch of colonists on their way to seek new homes in the Far West.

FACING "GENERAL JANUARY": RUSSIAN TRANSPORT IN WINTRY MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST MONTH.

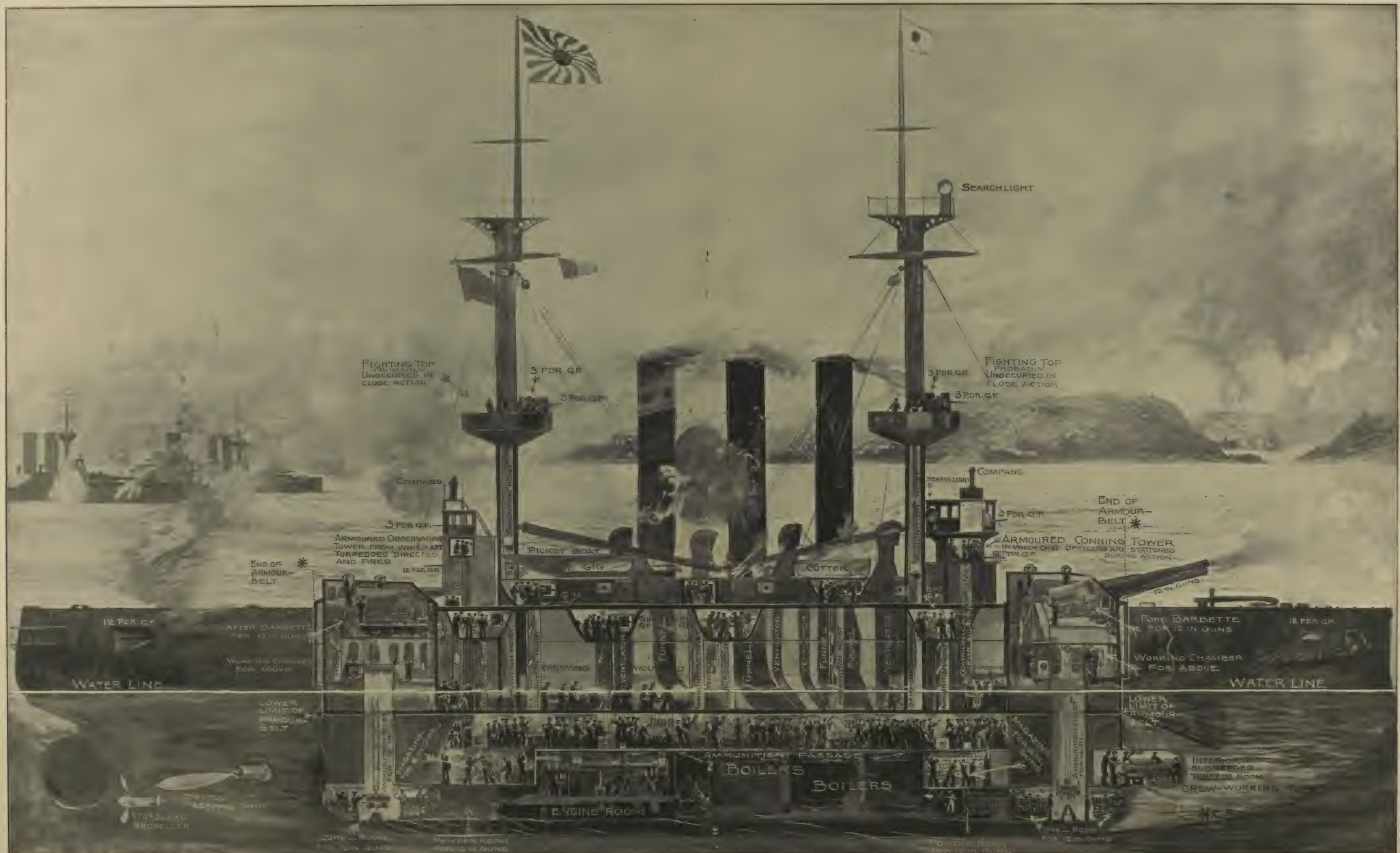


A RUSSIAN TRANSPORT TRAIN CROSSING THE PLAINS OF MANCHURIA.

The fateful saying of the Czar Nicholas I. during the Crimean War that his best servants were Generals January and February, will find a grimly reversed significance for his successor in the present campaign, for the Russian military operations will for some time to come be carried on in ice and snow-bound regions, rendering doubly difficult the movements of all arms of the service, and especially of the artillery and transport.

BEHIND THE ARMOUR BELT: THE INTERIOR OF THE JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "HATSUSE" IN CLOSE ACTION.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE COURTESY OF SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH, AND CO., ELWICK WORKS.



THE CREW AT QUARTERS: SECTION SHOWING THE WORKING OF THE SHIP DURING AN ENGAGEMENT.

Battle-ships are not armoured throughout, but carry a belt (in this case of Harvey nickel-steel) varying from four inches to nine inches in thickness. The limits of the belt are indicated on the diagram. It extends some distance below the water-line; but no vessel is armoured right to the bottom, because no armour could resist torpedoes, and the additional weight would serve no good purpose. The water is sufficient protection against shell. Note specially the method for distributing ammunition, which is first taken from the magazines to the ammunition-passages. Thence it is sent by electric and hand hoists to the guns, each gun having its own hoist. If the ammunition has come to the passage quicker than it is required, it is hung on hooks until called for. The smaller charges for the guns in the fighting tops are sent up the hollow masts in boxes. The big guns can fire three 350-lb. shells in two minutes. In accordance with the wishes of Messrs. Armstrong, only a general outline of the vessel's arrangement is here given. [ABBREVIATIONS: G.F.—GUNS FORWARD; P.—POUNDER.]

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE SCHOOL AND THE NATION.

Science of late days has been largely concerning itself with the school and its work as influencing the prosperity of the nation. This is a hopeful sign of the times, for it indicates that we are beginning to wake up to our responsibilities in the way of improving the national physique. For many years I have advocated by tongue and by pen the enrolment of the teaching of hygiene in the curriculum of every school. I should allow no boy or girl to leave school, indeed, without having undergone at least a course of elementary instruction in the laws of health. From past experience I know well the interest children may be induced to take in the facts of physiology. It is a very simple matter to teach them broad truths about foods, air, clothing, exercise, and the like. Much of this knowledge will form part and parcel of that information which never leaves them, because of its direct applications to everyday life. Best of all, we should guard our youth most efficiently in this fashion against the insanitary pitfalls which await their steps when they pass out of school to take their share in the world's work.

I think here of Spencer's little treatise on "Education" with the deepest gratitude. It is a book every parent and every teacher should "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," and, what is more, practise its precepts. His book (which I see sold in the bookshops at sixpence) is one long argument in favour of the application of science to education, and especially of the science of hygiene to the proper control and regulation of existence. Spencer never penned a more scathing passage than that in which he speaks of a first-born dying of the *sequela* of scarlet fever, a result which might have been avoided by the mother's education in and practice of health-knowledge. Small comfort is it to such a one, says Spencer, that she can read Dante in the original.

The most recent developments of a national awakening to our duties to children and to the nation in respect of health-education are two in number. An influential body of medical men has issued forms of a petition to medical practitioners with the view of inducing them to become advocates, through the adhesion of their signatures, of a movement for the teaching of physiology and hygiene in all our schools. They specially emphasise the idea that temperance teaching should form a prominent feature in such a curriculum. This is excellent advice, but my contention is that such teaching should form part of a wider scheme—that of instruction in hygiene at large.

A second prominent movement which deserves well of the nation is that carried out by the Royal Institute of Public Health. Under the direction of the able President, Professor W. Smith, M.D., this body has arranged for the delivery in various cities and towns, under Corporation auspices, of lectures on public health questions, by way of arousing the people to the bettering of the hygienic conditions under which our populations exist. I have been privileged to take part in these courses at Oldham, York, and Worcester, and I can testify to the interest these discourses have evoked, illustrated as they have been in all practical ways. The George Combe Trust in Scotland for the last quarter of a century has been discharging the same functions, according to the enlightened ideas of its founder, who long preceded Spencer in his advocacy of the good likely to be derived from the diffusion among the people of a knowledge of health-laws. In this work I have been engaged since the inception of the Trust, so that I may claim to be able fairly to gauge and estimate the extent of time of the movements which are actively employed in the work of physical betterment.

My experience leads me to believe and to assert that all health-teaching, whether carried on in schools or in the case of "children of a larger growth," to be successful must first of all be systematic. It must be teaching in the truest sense of the term, backed by an earnest demonstration of its value to the taught. Again, it must be thoroughly illustrated, and must be conveyed in simple language. Technicalities are of no avail here. The hard facts must be broken down so as to fit them for easy mental digestion. There must be no British Association soaring over the heads of audiences, but plain talking regarding the why and wherefore of disease-prevention. Accuracy is not to be sacrificed to popularity—no true teacher will commit this egregious error. It is this kind of instruction which alone is calculated to arouse the nation to its duty to itself in warding off disease, and in promoting all conditions that make for length of days, happiness, and prosperity.

The United States, with their usual spirited and ready seizure of new movements, have developed a very complete scheme for school instruction in hygiene. There the crusade against alcohol partakes in some cases, however, of the nature of "a fine frenzy." A committee of scientists, regarding with fear the lengths to which such teaching was being carried, protested against statements made orally and in lesson-books regarding alcohol. They maintained, and justly, that the case was so strong that exaggeration, besides serving no useful end, would actually tend to weaken the after-effects of the instruction. Here again I make my own protest that it is broad information regarding hygiene at large which is needed in the schools, for in such teaching we can embody all the necessary truths about alcohol, and about, say, cigarette-smoking by juveniles as well. We need not try to raise up a nation of abstainers by special temperance instruction, seeing that any hopeful results will rather be attained by our making our boys and girls natural devotees of temperance through teaching them the priceless gift of moderation in all things, and the inevitable results of excess. Abstinence is the child of such moderate teaching, exaggeration its deadliest foe. — ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Mrs. W. J. HAIRD (Brighton).—We most heartily congratulate you on your brilliant successes. *Place aux dames* must be every chess-player's sentiment.

G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON (Cobham).—The amended problem shall receive our further consideration.

F. B. PANILLO (Gibraltar).—Thanks for your communication, which is noticed below.

H. WALTERS.—The defence is 1. Kt to B 6th. If then a quiet move is made, 2. Kt checks, etc.

R. BEE (Colsterworth).—They shall be examined with pleasure.

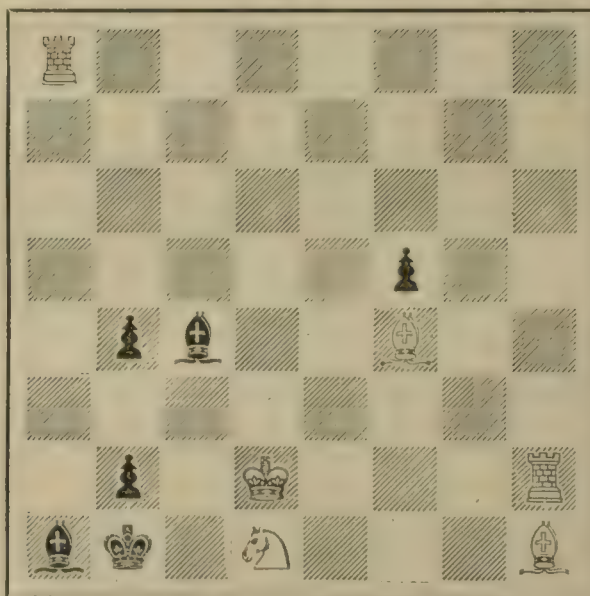
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3114 received from Nripendranath Maitra (Calcutta); of No. 3116 from C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3117 from E. E. Hiley (Wells), Rev. J. Julian Smith, T. W. W. (Bootham), D. Newton (Lisbon), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park); of No. 3118 from E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), F. Ede (Canterbury), C. E. Perugini, A. G. (Pancsova), D. Newton (Lisbon), W. T. R. (New Mills), Fire Plug, and George Fisher (Belfast).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3119 received from Shadforth, H. G. Owen, F. J. S. (Hampstead), L. Desanges, George Fisher (Belfast), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A. Warne (Liverpool), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), T. Roberts, E. J. Winter-Wood, F. Henderson (Leeds), Joseph Cook (Washington), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), W. T. R. (New Mills), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Charles Burnett, Reginald Gordon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Martin F. R. Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, and Doryman.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3118.—By H. A. SALWAY.

WHITE.
1. B to B 4th
2. R to B sq (ch)
3. Mates.
If Black play 1. Kt takes B, 2. R takes Kt, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3121.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Athenaeum Championship Competition between Messrs. P. HEALEY and J. R. BAKER.

King's Gambit Declined.

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. B to R 6th	R to B 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	22. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	23. Q to K B 2nd	Kt to R 4th
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. Q takes Q P	
5. P to Q Kt 4th			
P to Q 4th is usual here, and, on the whole, is undoubtedly better.			
6. P to Q 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	25. B to K 7th	Castles
7. P to B 5th	Q to K 2nd	26. P takes P	P takes P
8. P takes P	P to Kt 3rd	27. B takes R	Kt to B 5th
9. B to Kt 4th	R to Kt 3rd	28. Q to Q 6th	Q takes B
10. P to K R 3rd	B to Kt 5th	29. K to Kt sq	Q to R 3rd
11. R to R 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	30. P to Kt 4th	Kt (Q 2) takes P
		31. B to B 4th	Q to K 6th
		32. B takes Kt	Q takes P (ch)
		33. K to R sq	K takes B
		34. K R to Q 2nd	Q to B 6th
The difficulties of this defence to the King's Gambit for White are here illustrated. He cannot Castle, and the position of this Rook will embarrass him for some time to come.			
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd	35. Q to K 5th	R to B sq
13. B to K 2nd	P to Q 4th	36. R to Q 3rd	Q to B 7th
14. Q to R 4th	Q to Q 3rd	37. R to Q 7th	Q to B 6th
15. Castles	P to B 3rd	38. R to Q Kt sq	Q to B 7th
	R to Q B sq	39. P to Kt 5th	P to Q B 4th
The critical point of the game. Black has scarcely time for such a move, and in view of the threatened advance of White's Q B P he should have played B to Q B 2nd. He defends himself, however, with much ingenuity.			
16. P to B 4th	P takes B P	40. Q to B 6th	Q takes Q
17. Kt takes B P	B takes Kt	41. P takes Q	R to R sq
18. P takes B	B to Q 5th	42. R (Kt sq) to Kt	R to Q sq
19. P to B 5th	Q to Kt sq	43. R (Kt 7) to B 7	Kt to Q 3rd
20. Q to B 2nd	P to Kt 3rd	44. R takes R P	R to Q B sq
		45. R takes P	P to B 5th
		46. R to R 7th	R to K B sq
		47. R (K R 7) to K 7	R takes P
		48. R to K 8th (ch)	Kt to B sq
		49. R to R 8th	K to Kt 2nd
		50. R takes Kt	R takes R
		51. R takes R	Resigns.

A mistake that throws away everything. With a little patience a strong attack might have been developed on the Queen's wing.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in a match at Brooklyn between Messrs. BARRETT and TORCHINSKY.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. P to Kt 5th	K takes B
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. P to B 3rd	K Kt to Q 2nd
3. B to B 4th	P to B 4th	14. Q to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	15. Kt to K 4th	Q to K 2nd
5. P to B 4th	B takes Kt	16. P to Kt 6th	
6. R takes B	Kt to Kt 5th	(ch)	P takes P
7. P to K Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th	17. B to Kt 5th	Q to B sq
8. P to K R 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. P takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
9. P takes B P	B takes P	19. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to B 4th
10. P to K Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	20. Kt takes Kt	Q to K sq
11. P to B 5th	B to B 2nd	21. B to K 7th	Resigns.
12. B takes B (ch)			

Obtaining a fine attack, which is carried through with great spirit to the end.

The Calpe Chess Club has proved one of the flourishing institutions of Gibraltar, and it announces an interesting tourney (under the rules of the City of London Chess Club) for the championship of the town. We wish the Calpe all prosperity and success.

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THE FAR EAST AND THE QUESTION OF SUPPLIES.

Now that the Russo-Japanese War is in full swing, and that the Russians have practically lost the command of the sea, it becomes a matter of interest to consider what it may mean to Russia to keep her army in the field up to war strength and supplied with food and ammunition. To the ingenious person who knows little of the country, it would seem to be obvious that Russia had made every provision for the present contingency, and had consequently been accumulating large stores of food and ammunition in Manchuria for years past. Since 1895 the position of Russia in Manchuria has been threatened. From the moment that Japan realised the true meaning of Lord Rosebery's Siamese policy in 1895, and saw that Russia meant to be the predominant partner in the Asiatic hegemony, she prepared for the inevitable struggle, and so openly that everybody who had visited Japan during the last few years was perfectly aware of these preparations. Russia consequently must have been well informed of Japan's armaments and ultimate plans, but she miscalculated the moment. On paper, vast stores of food and forage, as well as of ammunition, were supposed to have been accumulated at Vladivostok. To those who know anything of Russia, however, it did not come as a surprise to hear that a Committee of Inquiry was about to be appointed, and that the Minister of War, General Kuropatkin, was coming down to preside over it personally, with a view to discovering what had become of these stores, and who should be hanged. Therefore it will not be extraordinary if the stores at Vladivostok and other places prove to be very much in the same condition as those of the French army in 1870.

No stores, however, could be sufficiently large to provide for the needs of a modern army during an arduous campaign. It is always difficult to estimate what an army will consume, but during the Russo-Turkish War of 1876-77 the Russian Government spent between £70,000 and £100,000 a day in provisioning their troops, one firm of contractors alone supplying over thirty-six million tons of biscuit. At the siege of Paris, in 1870-71, the German army, consisting of 600,000 men, consumed per day: 148,000 loaves of bread, 3 lb. each; 102,000 lb. of rice; 595 oxen, or 102,000 lb.; 14,400 lb. of salt; 960,000 lb. of oats; 2,400,000 lb. of hay; 28,000 quarts of spirits—or considerably over four million pounds of provisions, say 2000 tons a day. These figures will give some idea of the quantities of food a modern army will consume. The question of ammunition is less easy to deal with, seeing that a great deal will depend upon the amount expended; in other words, the number and duration of the engagements. The consumption of food, however, goes on the same whether there is fighting or not. It has been estimated that an infantry soldier will in action fire off at the rate of three hundred rounds of ammunition a day. When we come to artillery, the problem becomes still more difficult to calculate in the absence of the necessary data.

Assuming the command of the sea to be lost, these supplies must be transported by land. Of course, a certain amount of forage and grain will be obtained in Manchuria itself; but that country is bare and mountainous, and not by any means a land of plenty. China will not be available. Most of the food which the Russian army will need will have to come from Russia and Siberia along that single line of railway which is the sole means of communication. The rails of that railway are too light to stand the traffic they will be subjected to. The manufacturers who supplied those rails protested at the time against their lightness, and strongly urged the expediency of making the line more substantial; but the authorities would not listen to them, and the distinguished General who built the line left for reasons of health for Western Europe with sixty million roubles of "economies" in his pocket. Assuming that this precious railway does not break down and is not blown up, how will it be able to satisfy the demands made upon it? To answer that, we must form some idea of what those demands will be. Officially the Russian army in Manchuria is supposed to number 300,000 men. Of this number, according to the usual estimate, about 40 per cent. will be efficient—or, say, 120,000 men. As Port Arthur is said to have a garrison of 10,000 men, and as there must be garrisons at Vladivostok and Kharbin, and as, moreover, the railway will have to be protected, it is safe to assume that the available Russian field force is not more than 100,000 nor less than 70,000 men. An army corps of 30,000 men and 10,000 horses, if dispatched from Russia to reinforce this field army, would require 104 trains of thirty carriages, and military authorities give the rate of travelling at 200 miles a day. The Siberian Railway, which has a length of about 5000 miles, is stated to be capable of running six such trains a day. That means an interval of seventeen days between the departure of the first draft and the last. The journey at 200 miles a day would take twenty-five days; thus it would take forty-two days, or six weeks, to transport an army corps from Russia to Manchuria. In the meantime what is to happen to the supplies? A train of thirty carriages will carry 300 tons; an army of 300,000 men will consume about 1000 tons of provisions a day. The situation is hopeless. The Japanese need not go to the expense or give themselves the trouble of blowing up bridges and lengths of line. The railway will do its own deadly work if left to itself. To all appearances, therefore, the war will be of short duration. The Japanese are supposed to be able to place 400,000 men in the field, and to maintain such an army at that strength for a considerable period. Napoleon said that an army marched on its stomach; we may go further and say that it fights on it: the chances of the success of the legions of the Czar are therefore remote. The Russians are supposed to be superior to the Japanese in cavalry, but this is perhaps a doubtful advantage in the mountainous country of the theatre of war.

L. A. BRADLEY HODGETTS.

THE FIRST SHOT: SCENE ON BOARD A JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP GOING INTO ACTION.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A GUN-CREW WATCHING THE EFFECT OF THE SIGHTING-SHOT FROM A SIX-INCH QUICK-FIRER

Before the great twelve-inch guns are brought into action, it is usual to fire a sighting-shot from one of the six-inch guns. The effect of the shot is watched by the gun crew, and the result is reported to the commanding officer.

A UNIQUE RUSSIAN FIGHTING UNIT: THE "HUNTER SCOUTS."

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



THE CORPS THAT NEVER UNFIXES BAYONETS: AN "OCHOTNIKI-KOUMANDII," OR DETACHMENT OF "HUNTER SCOUTS," RECONNOITRING BY NIGHT.

This curious arm of the Russian service, so called from "öchota," a hunt, has no exact counterpart in any other army. A certain number of picked shots are selected from an infantry regiment and formed into groups of sixteen men per battalion, each group under one or more officers. They are specially trained for scouting by night. The regulations insist that the men shall always have their bayonets fixed.

“LIVING BAYONETS”: THE IRRESISTIBLE CHARGE OF THE JAPANESE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



JAPANESE INFANTRY CHARGING AFTER INDEPENDENT FIRING.

The Mikado's infantry are trained to deliver a bayonet attack of incredible swiftness. During a gradual advance in open order, with independent firing from the kneeling position, the men fix bayonets as opportunity offers without waiting for a general command. Suddenly the officers spring to the front, the men rise, form in two lines, and rush forward with extraordinary suddenness—a manoeuvre most trying to the enemy's nerve.



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT WINDSOR: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK
AND PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY, LEAVING THE ALTAR.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

PORT ARTHUR, THE BLOCKADED RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS IN THE FAR EAST,

DRAWINGS BY G. MONTBARD AND



G. MONTBARD.

Continued

Fortified Hills.

Approximate Position of Racecourse.

Barracks.

THE FORTIFIED HILLS SURROUNDING PORT ARTHUR TOWARDS THE EAST-SOUTH-EAST,

Hospital, Camp, and Barracks.

Better Part of Town, Russian Officers' Quarters, Fort.

Admiral Alexieff's House.

Shallow Lake.

Police.

Military Headquarters Office.

Naval Headquarters Office.

Shipbuilding Centre—Repairing Shops, Armourers' Shops, etc.

Military Roads.

Torpedo Dock.



Merchant's Go-Downs. Chinese Quarter.

Japanese Tea-Houses.

Position of Siege Stores.

Waste Land, Sand, and Briar.

Street of Merchants' Offices, parallel to nearer Water.

Continued

THE SCENE OF THE JAPANESE TORPEDO ATTACK:

It was just behind the highest eminence in the picture, the Mount of Gold, that the Russian fleet lay when it was attacked on the night of February 8, and the position of the town shows how the other waters, except the approach from the sea, are useless for navigation purposes, and are merely mud flats flooded at high tide.

THE SCENE OF THE FIRST GREAT NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OF THE WAR, FEBRUARY 9.

A. HUGH FISHER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

Fortified Hills.

Married Officers' Quarters.



Continued in lower block on opposite page.

Barracks.

WITH A VIEW OF THE EASTERN PART OF THE TOWN AND TWO LARGE BARRACKS.

Battery.

Dockyard and Inner Harbour.

Theatre.

Main Fort.

Largest General Store in Town, near End of Promenade.

Public Promenade, skirting Water, with Public Offices, Russian Bank, wrecked by First Shell.

Signal Station.

(Behind this Hill, Scene of Torpedo Action.)

Jetties for Unloading Merchandise.

(Position of Chief Hotel, kept by Frenchwoman, behind Hill.)

(Position of Offices of Trans-Siberian Railway, behind Hill.)

Inner Roadstead.



Mud Flats, Flooded over at High Tide.

Court and Police Barracks.
(Military and Naval Stores Farther Side of Entrance to Dock.)

(Position of Railway Terminus, behind Hill.)

(Position of large Railway Go-Down behind Hill.)

PORT ARTHUR, THE TOWN, DOCKS, AND ROADSTEAD.

easily it might be shelled by high-angle fire from the sea, as was actually done on February 9. The large basin just under the Mount of Gold is the base of the Russian Volunteer Fleet. At some points the Russians have admitted water in order to give the appearance of larger dock accommodation than actually exists.

THE REPORTED RUSSIAN ATTEMPT TO REINFORCE HER FAR-EASTERN FLEET FROM THE BALTIC.

TORPEDO-BOATS (in Border).

ADMIRAL KORNILOFF,
Protected Cruiser (Wood-Sheathed), 5800 Tons (in Border).

ALMAZ,
Small Cruiser, 3000 Tons (in Border).



IMPERATOR ALEXANDER II.,
Old Battle-Ship, 9300 Tons, Compound Armour.

SISSOI VELIKY,
Battle-Ship, 9200 Tons, Creusot Armour (in Border).

ALEXANDER III.,
Battle-Ship, 13,366 Tons, Krupp Armour.

OLEG,
Protected Cruiser, 6250 Tons. BORODINO,
Battle-Ship, 13,366 Tons, Krupp Armour.

IMPERATOR NICOLAI I.,
Old Battle-Ship, 9700 Tons, Compound Armour (in Border).

A USELESS RESERVE: TYPES OF THE BALTIC SQUADRON.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.

The movement of the Baltic squadron to the Far East, had it taken place, could only have ended in disaster. Not only would it have been too late to render effective service, but it would certainly have been intercepted and destroyed by the Japanese.

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TWO NEW PIECES AT THE LONDON PLAYHOUSES.



The Queen of Spain (Mrs. Patrick Campbell).

Don Salluste de Bazan (Mr. Fulton). Ruy Blas (Mr. Lewis Waller).

AN ENGLISH VERSION OF VICTOR HUGO'S "RUY BLAS": "A QUEEN'S ROMANCE," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

The production of a poetical play is now somewhat rare, and especial interest attaches to this version, as it is from the pen of Mr. John Davidson.



Sylvia Fitzallen (Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis).

Lady Prothero (Miss Gertrude Kingston). Ralph Wigram (Sir Charles Wyndham).

"MY LADY OF ROSEDALE," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



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breakfast; delicious at all meals with
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to-day

LADIES' PAGES.

There was one special feature about the wedding presents offered to Princess Alice and Prince Alexander of Teck that may well be copied in many other cases—namely, the large number of combined gifts that they received, several of their friends uniting their offerings into one or a set of costly and handsome articles. This was done by many members of their own families, the result being superb ornaments fit for the wear of a Princess, instead of a number of comparatively unimportant minor trinkets. Useful gifts also were a feature of this sensible young bride's choice. One group of her royal relatives combined to present her with a beautiful set of furniture, comprising two sideboards, or rather a sideboard and a cabinet, and a dining-table and set of chairs to match, in a Chipendale design. Their Majesties gave their niece a splendid tiara, in addition to the service of silver-gilt plate presented to the young couple mutually. The brougham that the Princess chose as the gift of the town of Kingston was another present as useful as it was handsome. The house to which Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck went for the first part of their honeymoon has, like their wedding date, a certain association with Queen Victoria; it is now the property of Lord Mount Stephen, by whom it is lent to the bridal couple, but it was formerly the seat of Lord Melbourne, the guide and almost fatherly friend of the girl Queen.

Every woman who has passed through the exciting time that precedes one's own wedding day will have sympathised with the Duke of Norfolk's prospective bride in the almost unprecedented series of events by which her marriage had to be postponed no less than three times. First, it was interfered with by the day fixed for opening Parliament; the next date settled upon turned out to be the one chosen by his Majesty for the ceremonial of a Chapter of the Order of the Garter, a function so stately and rare that it was only once held in the last century, and one which the Duke of Norfolk was under an obligation to attend (and this postponement was the more trying as the illness of the King of Würtemberg prevented the Chapter being actually held); and then finally came the death of the aunt of the Duke, and her funeral on the very day before the one fixed for the third time for the wedding. The Duke expressed a wish that all wedding gifts of a semi-public character that it was desired to offer to him should be made in a form that would fit them exclusively for the use of his bride. Hence the choice of a magnificent *rivière* of brilliants for the gift of the town of Sheffield to its ex-Mayor, the Duke, a commission executed to perfection by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. The Duke's aid in the municipal government of Sheffield, near which he has a fine seat, is an expression of his conviction that the duties of our great nobles must now include participation in such public efforts.



A VELVET EVENING GOWN.

Many women of rank have perceived the same thing, and give as much effort and attention to organised work for the public service as their predecessors did exclusively to private and personal charities. One such plan of benevolence is the Irish Industries Association, which will, as usual, hold a great London sale on St. Patrick's Day and the following day. The Duke of Westminster has kindly lent Grosvenor House for the event this year; so that purchases in aid of the Irish peasantry will be combined with a sight of one of the most interesting of the great houses of the Metropolis. There is a fine collection of pictures at Grosvenor House, and the apartments are well proportioned and beautiful. Tickets of admission can be obtained from the Duchess of Abercorn, at Hampden House, Green Street; the Marchioness of Londonderry, Londonderry House, Park Lane; and other of the patronesses; as well as from the honorary organiser, Mr. J. S. Wood, 142, Strand.

It is sad to learn from the report of the Edinburgh Employment Bureau for Women that "during 1903 there was even greater slackness and depression in the demand for the labour of educated women than during its predecessors. Whether this is owing to the war and its results, or whether other causes are at work, it is a stern and pathetic fact that far more women of the better class are now seeking for work, and too often seeking it in vain. The conditions of work for all classes of women are becoming more severe each year." This being the case, it would seem to be hardly the time for the British Temperance Women's Association to be making strenuous efforts, as they are doing all over the country, to persuade licensing magistrates to refuse licenses to public-houses where women are employed. There are one hundred and sixty thousand barmaids at work; and although there is undoubtedly something to be said against the conditions of their employment, it is better than being workless, which is very surely the worst and most dangerous state of all for a girl.

Of course, there is always the understaffed occupation of domestic service crying aloud, as it were, for women to come to it, and to accept in return for their labour comfortable board and lodging, such as they could not supply for themselves for less than fifteen shillings a week, and in addition to that a wage in money of eight or ten or more shillings weekly. But though there is this lack of domestic workers—and this grows more deplorable and causes more difficulty in our homes every year—the solution of the trouble is certainly not to be found merely in our mentioning the vacancy to working people like barmaids and underpaid needlewomen. Domestic service needs a special training and experience, as well as perfect health and considerable strength of physique. The necessity for such special training for domestic labour being provided is slowly being admitted; and one day, no doubt, it will be taken up on a large scale. Meantime, small and tentative efforts are to be welcomed, as tending to produce the experience

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that will at length bring to practical existence something more adequate to the needs of the case. Two new enterprises of this description can now be recorded.

First I learn that there has been started a residential training home for lady domestic workers, as a ladies' club at 19, Oakley Street, Chelsea, in connection with the British Women's Emigration Association. Practical instruction is to be given in cooking, domestic economy, house and parlour-maids' work, care and mending of linen, and keeping household accounts; and the pupils will practise on ladies lodging in the club. Then there is another similar but larger undertaking, the Arachne Club, at 60, Russell Square, Bloomsbury. Of this, Lady Alice Archer Houbton is the president, and Miss Agatha Henslow is the honorary secretary and leading influence. The club was formally opened the other day, and on that occasion Miss Henslow explained that the house and kitchen work is all to be done by lady pupils under the direction of the permanent professional cook and housemaids. She urged that a domestic economy school in which "dinners were cooked that were not to be eaten, rooms cleaned that did not require it," and so forth, was not of the same use as training as would be carrying on actual work to meet real daily needs. The aim of the club is "to raise domestic service to the rank of a profession for ladies." The promoters of the Chelsea Club also think that "the key to the servant problem is at last being found, and domestic employment for ladies offers endless vistas of paid labour, while bringing peace to the hearth and home of the distracted housewife." Far more hopeful, I think, as far as it goes, is such an effort as that made by Lady Castlerosse on her Killarney estate, where a model house is provided, with competent teachers to train successive relays of twenty-four girls of the peasant class to be good cooks and housemaids.

A dinner will ever remain the Englishman's favourite form of hospitality; and the early spring season, when Parliament has brought many people to town, while yet there is not much else going on, and when the weather is not hot, is perhaps the most agreeable and popular time of year for these gatherings. Table-decoration presents no difficulty as soon as January is over: masses of beautiful flowers pour daily into England from the South of France. We have abundance of violets, geraniums, freesias, scarlet anemones, daffodils, lilies-of-the-valley, and even roses in London now. The feathery mimosa, with its peculiar foliage of grey-green, that harmonises as no other shade could possibly do with the ochre-yellow of the blossom, is with us a comparatively short time, and therefore should be taken advantage of while it lasts; it combines wonderfully well with scarlet geraniums, and I have just seen a table in which this combination set in silver vases gave uncommon distinction to the general appearance. A white satin square, embroidered with silver thread by clever Bulgarian embroideresses, is used with her



A SPRING CLOTH DRESS.

silver vases by the hostess on whose table I saw the decoration; and she has red satin similarly heavily decorated with gold thread for companionship with her white Minton ware, in which she puts by preference golden-coloured flowers, daffodils, tulips, roses, and chrysanthemums, in their respective season.

The ideal in floral table-decoration this year is natural-looking arrangement; the flowers should appear as far as possible as if they had grown in the receptacles that hold them. An easy means of producing this affect is to use a low receptacle, a china dish or a specially manufactured painted-tin flower-holder of flat shape, and fill it with damp moss, in which the flowers and light foliage, such as maiden-hair or asparagus fern or smilax, are so placed as completely to hide the moist green moss foundation. If a tin be used to hold the moss and its moisture, of course it is painted green; but still it must be concealed by fastening a trail of the foliage greenery round it before proceeding to place the ferns and flowers in the moss. The stalks should be cut in irregular lengths so that some of the ferns, and if convenient the blossoms also, may droop over the sides of the holder all round, so far as even to touch the tablecloth, while others rise prettily towards the middle of the arrangement. The greenery can be continued along the table to the smaller but similar moss-filled and flower-trimmed tins or bowls set at the ends of the decorative scheme. These are often in other shapes than the round or oval form which is almost always chosen for the exact centre of the table—for instance, the tins at the ends may be half-moons or heart-shaped, and the flowers naturally follow that form. If the table is large and needs more filling than trails of greenery from one to another of the holders of the floral arrangements, wide satin ribbon may be used, laid on the cloth and of a colour harmonising with the flowers chosen. This is pretty if tied here and there into a bow or big loose knot with a bouquet resting in its midst; and, of course, if there be candles, wax or electric, on the table, shades must absolutely match in tint. White flowers alone may be used, and the ribbon employed to give all the colour; or gauze of a delicate tone gracefully crumpled up may be substituted for the ribbon. For a large dinner-party people usually call in the services of the professional florist to decorate the table; but for smaller and more *intime* dinners it is pleasant to carry out one's own ideas, and these hints are intended to be of service to hostesses in the latter case.

Our Illustrations show a dinner-gown in light coloured velvet and a spring cloth dress. The former is built on the lines of Princess Alice's wedding-gown, with a very narrow front panel of silk muslin trimmed with three frills, finished with bows of ribbon. The cloth dress also has a flat front, and the trimmings consist of bands of embroidery and pretty little enamel buttons, with a touch of velvet at collar and cuffs.—FILOMENA.



THE PIANOLA.

You have doubtless noticed that if, in the course of conversation, a piano-player is mentioned, it is invariably the Pianola. This is so; and there is a reason. Since its invention, the Pianola has maintained a position of unquestioned supremacy—first in popularity, first in musical value, and first in effectiveness. The Pianola is eminently practical. Its technique is faultless; its repertoire many times greater than that of any other piano-player, and its expression devices are such that, no matter who uses the Pianola, the musical result is individualised; or, to put it another way, the sensitiveness of the Pianola is so great that the feeling and temperament of the performer are reflected in his playing. For these reasons the world's greatest musicians have endorsed the Pianola. It would interest you. Why not call and see it in use?

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THE ARUNDEL CASKET.

The casket presented by the inhabitants of the borough of Arundel to the new Duchess of Norfolk bears on the obverse panel a fine view in enamel of Arundel Castle. Immediately above, the arms of Arundel are enamelled in proper colours, surmounted by the arms, crest, motto, and supporters of the Duke of Norfolk, also in correct heraldic colours. At either extremity are models of doves (emblems of fidelity) supporting a draped festoon extending all round the casket. On the reverse are a ducal crown and the Earl Marshal's staffs crossed. The work was designed and executed by Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street, E.C., at their London factory.

The photographs of the Russian war-ships *Tsarvitch* and *Varyag*, which appeared in our issue of last week, were reproduced from Mr. F. T. Jane's admirable treatise on the navies of the world, entitled "All the World's Fighting Ships."

Miss Marce Ainslie will give a concert in aid of the London Hospital, Mile End Road, E., at the Queen's Hall on Feb. 24. "The Follies" and a large company of accomplished artists have promised to assist at the function.



ARUNDEL'S GIFT TO THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1893), with two codicils (dated July 29, 1895, and Dec. 1, 1897), of Charles Henry, Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G., of 49, Belgrave Square, Gordon Castle, Banff, and Goodwood, near Chichester, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Feb. 6 by his eldest son, the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £353,573. His Grace gives all the lands and premises over which he has a power of disposal, and the advowson of the parish church of East Lavant, to his eldest son, for life, with remainder to his grandson Lord Settrington, with remainder over to his first and other sons in tail male, and his plate, diamonds, and works of art are to devolve as heirlooms therewith. Subject to a legacy of £50 to his valet, John Osborn, he leaves the residue of his property to his son, the present Duke, his younger children being already provided for.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1903) of Mr. John Snelgrove, of 23, Kensington Palace Gardens and St. Elmo, Torquay, head of the firm of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Feb. 5 by John Sidney Snelgrove, the son, Edward Horsman Bailey, William Edward Gillett, and Ernest Augustus Ferry, the executors, the value of the estate

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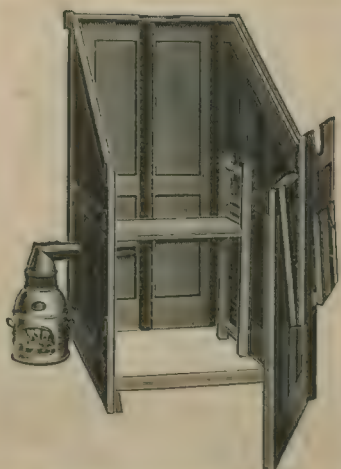
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{ in various sizes, Detachable 1s. extra. } Light Weight.
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being £220,926. The testator gives £2000 to the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools for prizes; £500 each to the Linen and Woollen Drapers' Institution, the Middlesex Hospital, and the London Fever Hospital; £250 to the Commercial Travellers' Schools (Pinner); £1000, the furniture and domestic effects, the use of his two residences, and the income from £60,000 to his wife; £5000, in trust, for his son George Seaman; £5000, in trust, for the widow and children of his brother Edwin; and many small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one tenth thereof to his son John Sidney; and the ultimate residue, in equal shares, to his five children, John Sidney, George Seaman, Mrs. Katherine Hamilton Hervey, Mrs. Mary Georgiana Ferry, and Mrs. Dorothy Marshall Lawrence.

The will (dated May 10, 1900), with two codicils (dated April 7 and Sept. 29, 1903), of Mr. Edmond Dresden, of 36, Curzon Street, Mayfair, who died on Dec. 17, was proved on Feb. 2 by Charles Lindo and Edward Godefroi, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £339,500. The testator gives his

paintings and pictures, to be hung on the walls of, and £25,000 to, the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street; £5000, and an additional £1000 at the discretion of his executors, to the National Life-Boat Institution for a life-boat to be called the "Edmond Z. Dresden" in memory of his father, "to whom I am indebted for every happiness in life"; the proceeds of the sale of his horses, carriages, and saddlery to the Hunt Servants' Benevolent Fund; £5000 each to St. Mary's Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, and the Brompton Consumption Hospital; his reversionary interest in the settlement of his sister to the London Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, and the Cancer Hospital; his collection of lace and carved ivory, and the cases of antique silver ornaments, to the South Kensington Museum; £250 and a work of art each to his executors; £2000 each to his cousins Marie and Rose Josephine Godefroi; £2000 to Mrs. Nellie Spencer Moore; £1000 to Mrs. Lottie Hunter; £2000 to his man, Charles Butler; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to the Brompton Consumption

Hospital, Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital, and the Royal Free Hospital, on the condition that the income shall be used only for the assistance of needy and deserving in-patients on their discharge, no such patient to receive more than £10, and he expressed a wish that the governing bodies should post up notices in conspicuous places calling attention to the fund. The testator directs that his tombstone is to bear the following inscription: "Here lie the remains of Edmond Dresden, who believed in no religion but that of being charitable to my fellow man and woman, both in word and deed."

The Great Eastern Railway Company announce that for the summer months, commencing July 1, they will run a greatly improved and accelerated service of express trains between Liverpool Street and the popular east coast holiday resorts, Yarmouth and Lowestoft, the journey being accomplished (without a stop) in two hours and a half, a reduction of half an hour.

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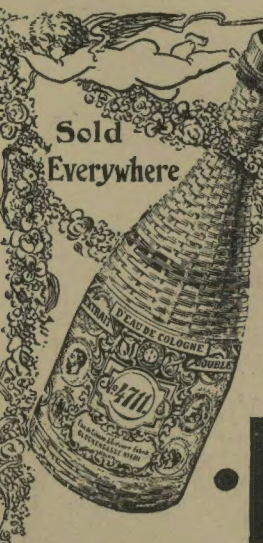
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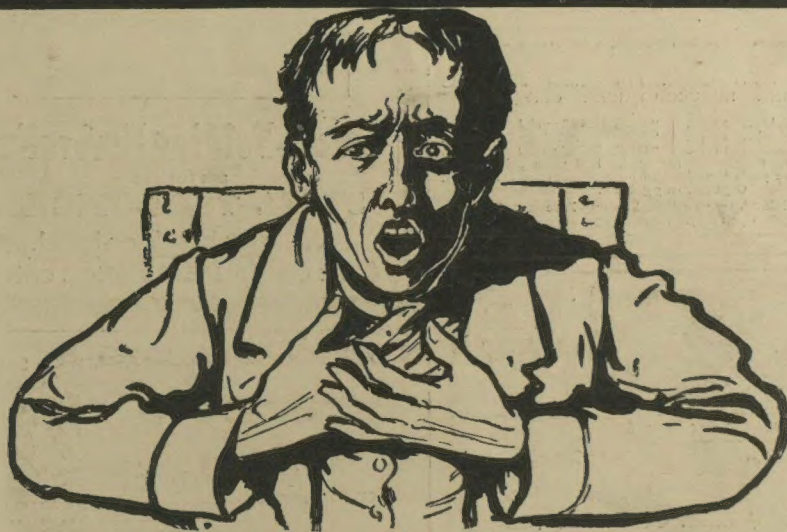


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ART NOTES.

The annual exhibition of water-colours, principally of deceased English artists, at Messrs. Agnew's Old Bond Street Galleries, contains the variety to which we have long been pleasantly accustomed—from the incomparable Turner to Hunt, always in his place at the head of the room. The "Constance" and "Lucerne" are drawings of Turner's great period, about 1842, and were in the Ruskin collection—small drawings, valued at five thousand pounds for the pair. It is a tenable opinion that the "Lucerne" is the most beautiful water-colour in the world; it may even be held that it is the most beautiful work in colour in existence. It probably has no rival in landscape, except in the works of Turner himself. And it is not a little exhilarating to know that this small paper is equal, in the ranks of art, to a canvas of Gainsborough's and a wall-painting of Michelangelo's. The lovers of David Cox's hill-tops will find sixteen examples of his clouded landscapes; and the whole history of English water-colours is represented, from the "wash" to the "stipple."

The Academy Exhibition of the coming spring begins to be a subject of forecasts. The landscape-painters repeat the complaints of last year—never in mortal memory has the atmosphere been so unpropitious. A painter of rough seas and sousing rains may very well be pleased. It is an ill wind which blows nobody any good; and Mr. Napier Hemy may consider that the elements are favourable to the large life-boat picture which he is painting on

commission, and which is to be reproduced to raise funds for the furtherance of rescue-work along our coasts.

Under all the circumstances we are likely enough to have a picture season in which portraits predominate. Mr. Sargent has completed a portrait of Mrs. Asher Wertheimer, the second he has painted; and the Duchess of Sutherland has given him several sittings for a long-designed canvas. Mr. Dicksee, R.A., is painting the Duchess of Marlborough.

At Mr. Baillie's "shop," No. 1, Prince's Terrace, W., are at present the oils of Mr. Philip Connard and Mr. Bellingham's Smith's water-colours. The work is on a good level, and, being young work, may have a future in which warmer praise may be well justified. Mr. Connard paints with appreciation the clouded Thames and its shores; and Mr. Bellingham Smith the sunnier country. Mr. Baillie has a very dainty exhibition of jewellery and trinkets, and some Japanese colour-prints, the increasing popularity of which among connoisseurs is likely to be fanned rather than damped by the fact of war. It is now half a century since Dante Rossetti bought in Paris his first specimens of this delightful work, so vital yet so unconventional, so gay, yet, in the Master's hand, so solemn; and these, coming to England, caught Whistler's eye and sent him to Paris on a similar quest. Now London has become the greatest Japanese colour-print market in the world from the point of view of the collector.

W. M.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Durham, who has been engaged on a retranslation of the Athanasian Creed, said at the recent meeting of the Northern Province that as a result of his labours he has a deepening conviction of the immense value of this Creed. He also thinks it is much less suitable for popular recitation than for some other form of liturgical use, and he deeply regrets that the minatory declarations should be retained, as they are liable to great misunderstanding in the minds of the ordinary Christian congregation.

Canon Henson is giving a course of Friday afternoon lectures in the choir of Westminster Abbey, on the subject of moral discipline in the English Church. Canon Scott Holland had hoped to lecture in the crypt of St. Paul's on Friday evenings, but his place will be taken by the Rev. G. E. Newsom, Vice-Principal of King's College. Interesting Lenten lectures are also to be given at St. Mark's, Marylebone Road, by Father Waggett, Canon Otley, and others.

Dean Armitage Robinson, who was to lecture last week at the Royal Institution, was obliged to postpone the engagement owing to the death of his brother, the Rev. Forbes Robinson, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. The loss of this gifted scholar has been deeply mourned in University circles. He had been absent from Cambridge for several months last year owing to illness, but was thought to have made a good recovery, and spent Christmas on the Riviera. V.

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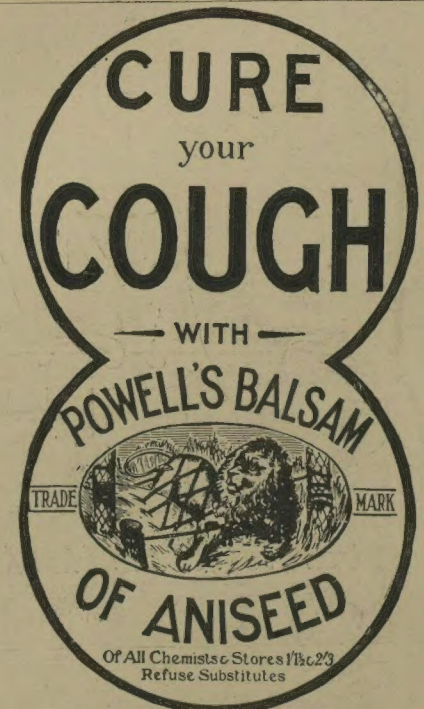


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organs and add acute pain to the confusion already existing. All this is caused, mind, by indigestion—the working of the supply centre going wrong. Indigestion thus sets up a score of other ailments. Now Bile Beans applied in a condition of this kind act wonderfully. They stimulate the inactive glands to healthy effort. They gently open the bowels, and thus rid the body of impurities. The liver begins work again under their influence. It purifies the blood of the bile which has escaped into it. The blood thus purified ceases to carry about poison, and takes health instead. Headache ceases, appetite returns, wind and pain are banished, and the whole working system is reorganised, and run on smooth lines. This is no empty simile. Bile Beans are doing this every day.

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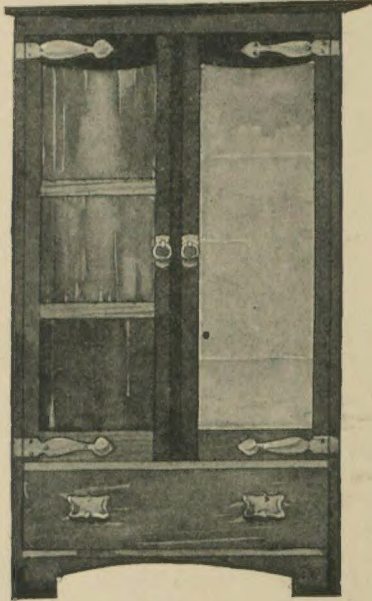
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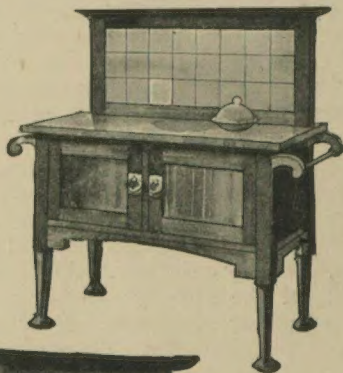
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